

2582

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# McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS FOR COMING MONTHS.

It is impossible to give more than a partial list of articles and stories which will appear in future numbers of the Magazine, because so many articles are timely and are secured immediately before publication.

### TWO NEW SERIALS.

**THE EBB TIDE**, by Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osborne, will run through four numbers, beginning with January.

**W. D. HOWELLS** will contribute a serial for younger readers.

**SHORT STORIES** have been engaged from Bret Harte, Conan Doyle, Joel Chandler Harris, Rudyard Kipling, "Q," Frank R. Stockton, Clark Russell, and many other well-known writers, as well as new writers.

*Real Conversations, Interviews, Intimate Personal Sketches and Studies of Great Men in Action*, covering the field of biography and autobiography, will continue to be marked features of coming issues. Under this head are announced:

**D. L. MOODY**, the Man and His Work, by Professor Henry Drummond. This is the first complete study of Mr. Moody's remarkable career which has ever been prepared. It will be illustrated by many interesting pictures.

**PIERRE LOTI**, a personal sketch, by Madam Adam. **Ruskin at Home**, by H. M. Spielman. **Bismarck at His Greatest**, by Archibald Forbes. **Gladstone as a Leader of Men**, by Harold Frederic. Many other papers of a similar nature are now in hand or in course of preparation.

### A GROUP OF FAMOUS CONTRIBUTORS.

In addition to the special announcements above, important contributions consisting of Autobiographical papers, Real Conversations, Imaginary Conversations, and in some cases, unique subjects characteristic of the writers, are promised by:

Professor Henry Drummond,	Herbert D. Ward,	Margaret Deland,
William Dean Howells,	Bret Harte,	Archdeacon Farrar,
H. H. Boyesen,	M. de Blowitz,	Robert Louis Stevenson,
Thomas Nelson Page,	Frank R. Stockton,	Charles A. Dana,
Andrew Lang,	Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,	George W. Cable,
W. E. Henley,	Robert P. Porter,	Gilbert Parker.

### THE EDGE OF THE FUTURE.

Articles under this heading, dealing with the Marvels of Modern Science, interesting subjects in the fields of Railroading, Electricity, Ships, Arts Relating to the Prolongation of Life, Explorations, etc., will be regular features of this Magazine.

**OTHER IDEAS.** The notable features of the magazine, *Timely Articles, Papers of Adventure, Progressive Portraiture, Stranger than Fiction*, which have proved so popular, will still characterize coming issues.

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# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning  
Vol. CXCI.

## CONTENTS.

I. THE IRELAND OF TO-DAY, . . .	<i>Fortnightly Review</i> , . . .	771
II. THE UNFINISHED TASK. By W. J. Lacey, . . . . .	<i>Longman's Magazine</i> , . . .	785
III. CHRISTIANITY AND ROMAN PAGANISM. By St. George Mivart, . . . . .	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> , . . .	790
IV. THE DAY OF SILENCE. By George Gissing, . . . . .	<i>National Review</i> , . . .	802
V. COUNT TAAFFE, . . . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> , . . . . .	809
VI. MEMORIES OF THE MASTER OF BALLIOL, . . . . .	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , . . .	816
Title and Index to Volume CXCI.		

## POETRY.

ADDISON'S WALK, . . . . .	770	NECESSITY, . . . . .	770
FRANCESCA DA RIMINI, . . . . .	770		

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## ADDISON'S WALK.

GREEN cloister of our tranquil Academe,  
 What form is this that greets us as we  
   pace  
   Beneath your boughs, the genius of  
   the place,  
 With soft accost that fits our musing  
   dream?  
 Scholar, divine, or statesman would be-  
   seem  
   That reverend air, that pensive-bril-  
   liant face  
   And lofty wit and speech of Attic  
   grace,  
 Rich in grave ornament and noble theme :  
 'Tis he who played unspoiled a worldly  
   part,  
   Taught the town truth, and in a selfish  
   age  
   Lured fops and toasts to heed a note  
   sublime,  
 Who here had early learned the crowning  
   art,  
   To walk the world like Plato's monarch-  
   sage,  
   Spectator of all being and all time.  
 Spectator.       T. HERBERT WARREN.

## FRANCESCA DA RIMINI.

"Nessun maggior dolore  
 Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
 Nella miseria."

*Inferno.*

WELL might the memory of the "happy  
 sighs,"  
 The "much desire," whose fair, fruit-  
   boding bloom,  
 Set in the trembling kiss that held their  
   doom,  
 Burn fiercelier than the flame that never  
   dies ;  
 Those ever-linkèd souls, whom Dante's  
   eyes,  
 Weeping, saw driven through the dawnless  
   gloom  
 By hissing tempest ; imminent sorrows  
   loom  
 Less darkly than such thoughts of rapture  
   rise ;  
 And well might gentle Dante swoon with  
   ruth  
 When one soul told and one soul wept to  
   hear  
 The tale of happy hours aswerve from  
   truth ;  
 But to the guiltless, when all hopes are  
   ere,

Musing on bliss once theirs in very sooth  
 Is sweet, and thoughts of vanished joys are  
   dear.

Hath noon less glory mused upon by night ?  
 Doth June's full heart with lessened fervor  
   glow  
 Remembered when the world is wan with  
   snow ?  
 Are its warm roses petalled with delight  
 Less fragrant, and their diamond dew less  
   bright  
 Because in winter dark no flower may  
   blow ?  
 Doth music of moon-glamoured May-woods  
   flow  
 Less rich to thought, when trees with rime  
   are white ?  
 Nay, memory and longing subtly weave  
 New magic round the joys that are no  
   more ;  
 Spring brightlier blooms by winter's dream-  
   watched fire ;  
 Remembered joy in sorrow is reprieve  
 To anguish ; long-dead days from happy  
   yore  
 In dark hours rise, lest hearts with pain  
   expire.

Murray's Magazine.       MAXWELL GRAY.

## NECESSITY.

WHAT stern Necessity hath once ordained  
 For mortal's share,  
 Let him not murmur, howsoe'er con-  
   strained,  
   His lot to bear.

Nor Time, nor Chance, nor Laws, nor  
   Gods, nor Men,  
   Her voice can stay ;  
 Her icy finger points the way, and then  
   Man must obey.

And Love, and Hate, and Fear, and Joy,  
   and Pain,  
   She portions each ;  
 Nor vanished bliss will e'er restore again,  
   Whoe'er beseech.

'Tis weakness to resist her stern decree,  
 'Tis impious to rebel ;  
 The strongest mind, the noblest heart has  
   he,

Who follows well.

Temple Bar.

W. S.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
THE IRELAND OF TO-DAY.

IRELAND is by nature a poor country. Its very conformation, shaped as it is like a basin, with an elevated outer rim of mountains and highlands sloping inward to a broad expanse of low, wet land, makes drainage a more important and difficult problem than it is in any other civilized country. A resourceful and indefatigable race like the Dutch, given complete mastery of themselves, would perhaps have satisfactorily solved this problem. What the Irish, under like conditions, might have done with it no one can say. At all events the problem remains to this day, complicating and embarrassing husbandry over something like a half of the cultivated area of the island. The very first glimpses of Ireland which history affords shows us Mediterranean voyagers seeking it out for its metallic ores. To-day, after a lapse of a score of centuries, the question of Ireland's mineral wealth is almost wholly one of speculation. We know that the island contains coal. The united coal-fields of Leinster are stated to cover sixty-one thousand four hundred and forty acres, those of Tyrone seventeen thousand acres, of the Lough Allen district twenty thousand acres; the estimated supply of them all is put by the statisticians at two hundred and nine million tons. The figures look well, but the fact remains that Ireland's greatest modern annual output of coal never reached more than one sixteen hundredth part of the total production of the United Kingdoms for the year, and it was very bad coal at that. Much the same is to be said of iron, copper, and the more precious metals. Time has been when they played a relatively prominent part in the industrial affairs of the island. A large portion of the once splendid forests of Ireland are known to have been cut down to afford fuel for the smelting of native iron. With the disappearance of the wood the work languished, and now only one or two of the Antrim mines are kept open at all. During the past hundred

years some £75,000 worth of gold has been taken from the Wicklow hills, and Mr. Parnell devoted much time and money to the task of discovering still more, but nothing has come of it. Within the memory of middle-aged men, the copper mines round about Skibbereen were raising fifty thousand tons per year. In 1883 this had sunk to the pitiful figure of one hundred and eighty-three tons; now, save for a little barytes work, the mines are closed altogether. It is no longer worth the while of any one in Ireland to dig underground. Of all the innumerable altars dedicated to Irish saints in Ireland, scarcely one is of Irish marble. Though their own hills abound in some of the most beautiful colored veins in the world, the builders of Irish churches find it cheaper to bring marble from Belgium and Italy.

There is a reason for all this — one which would remain sufficient even if Irish coal were as good as Durham, and Irish iron as Derbyshire — and this takes us at a step to the most conspicuous feature in the material existence of the Ireland of to-day.

Our common belief is that Ireland is governed by Parliament at Westminster, operating through the chief secretary and his official machinery radiating from Dublin Castle. That is a government which counts for very little. The true control of Ireland as a whole is vested in a Parliament which no one hears of, whose monthly sessions nobody reports; I mean the "Conference" of representatives of the Irish railway and steamship lines. These are the real rulers of the island.

In these days there is no country which regards its magnates of transportation and their methods with unmixed approval. But in every other land the grumbler at least recognizes that the shield has a reverse; if there are bad things to be said about the railways, he admits that there are also good things. In Ireland alone there seems to be no single word of praise found or deserved. Nowhere else has the great genie which George Stephen-

son unloosed, and which now bestrides and sways our very existence, behaved so badly.

Perhaps there may be somewhere else—in Turkey, possibly, or Paraguay—as unintelligent and perversely harmful a railway management as that under the blight of which Ireland withers. But if there is, it is practised in a remote and unimportant quarter, among a people to whom steam is an indifferent superfluity. But Ireland lies within sight of the busiest industrial hive on earth; is an associate, after a fashion, in the largest manufacturing firm the world has ever known. For her to be badly served by the agent which the others employ to such tremendous advantage, is to be helplessly trampled under foot by her partners. And she has been, and is being, thus trampled well-nigh to death.

We have all heard until we are tired of the Irish industries destroyed by ancient penal laws, or by the more modern Act of Union. Why does not some one catalogue the industries of yesterday which to-day are only memories—crushed out by the Irish railways? In just a single department, take the list of tanning, saddlery, the hides and leather, the making of soap and candles, of boots and shoes by wholesale, of buttons and other bone work, and of horn combs. These are all things which Ireland could well do, and, indeed, less than fifty years ago did do. She may not do them now, because the railways, the Dublin cattle-men, and the steamer lines combine to decree that all Ireland's huge export supply of live-stock shall be sent across the Irish Sea on the hoof. An attempt was made ten years back to establish *abattoirs* in Ireland, and to ship only the dressed meat to England in refrigerator-cars and cold-chamber vessels. This can be profitably done from beyond the Mississippi, from the river Plate, and far New Zealand; it could not be done from Ireland. The combination described above made no secret of its methods in crushing the enterprise, and since 1884 no one has had the courage to repeat the experiment.

The railways of Ireland do not compete with one another at any point. Each little company is undisputed master in its own district, carrying as big and costly an official directorate as would suffice to manage a great English line, and confining itself to the task of levying enough taxation upon the trade and travel of its province to pay its salaries and provide a dividend.

The theory of doing anything to augment this trade and travel is unknown. No idea exists save to put as heavy a toll as possible upon everything and everybody appearing at the station. Although there is combination between the lines to protect their common monopoly, it does not extend to the point of making an intelligible railway system for the whole island. Each railway preserves an apparent indifference as to whether its trains connect with those of its neighbors. The wayfarer must take his chance at each junction—and his patronage of the buffet at the station while he waits is deliberately counted upon as an asset in the arrangement. On the same theory no morning trains are run in the interior early enough to carry the farmer to the fair; the notion being to compel him to leave home the previous evening and spend the night in the market-town, to the profit of the railway's hotel interests. It seems hardly credible, but in Ireland a man cannot send goods by one invoice over more than one line. He cannot even obtain an idea of the probable cost of the whole at any one place, but must make his own inquiries, contracts, and payments wherever the goods in transit pass from one line to another.

The most superficial glance at the local goods rates charged by these railways sets one to marvelling that people in Ireland still try to carry on any business at all. To bring a bullock by rail from Cork to Dublin costs 17s. 9d., while to send him on from Dublin to Manchester costs only 9s. 8d. It is cheaper to transport a bullock from Montreal to Bristol than from Kilkenny to Bristol. The charge upon a ton of butter from Tralee to Cork

(eighty-three miles) is £1 2s. 6d. It can be sent in the other direction from Fermoy to Liverpool *via* Dublin (two hundred and ninety-nine miles) for £1 13s. 4d. To haul a ton of Irish pork from Dungannon to Belfast (forty miles) costs 15s. 10d. ; the carriage of a ton of American bacon back from Belfast to Dungannon is only 10s. Bricks can be landed from England in Dublin at a smaller charge for transportation than is made from the brickyards at King's Court, fifty miles away, and directly on the railway line. A barrel of flour can be brought from Chicago one thousand miles by rail and three thousand by water, and landed at Liverpool, for less money than it costs to bring it from Londonderry to Manchester. The railway charge for a ton of apples from Armagh to Belfast (thirty miles) is 12s. 6d. The same apples can be carried from Liverpool to Lisbon (1,147 miles) for 21s. It only costs a little over twice as much to bring a barrel of fish from Sacramento, Cal., to London as it does to bring one from Galway to London.

These figures, taken at random from Dr. Bowles-Daly's book, tell a story not to be matched anywhere, I think, among nations. They happen to touch upon some half-dozen departments of industry, three of which have been literally stamped out by them. To enumerate the other trades, industries, and divisions of productive and mercantile activity that have been discouraged, crippled, destroyed by what passes for railway management in Ireland, would be to make a catalogue of practically all the helpful things Irishmen have tried to do in their own country for the past thirty years. In only one or two great branches of trade does Ireland to-day make any show of holding her own. The peculiar long, thin, sweet-meated pig which gets just fat enough for perfect bacon, and firmly refrains from overstepping the border line of gluttony into hogdom, is still a unique Irish possession ; but the chief factors of Limerick and Waterford will with one voice tell you that they maintain their place in the markets of the world only in sheer

bitter despite of the obstacles put in their path by the railways. The export of cattle and sheep, though not what it was, remains Ireland's most important trade. How little the railways are to be thanked for this has been hinted at above. Take here the further fact that, from the chief cattle fair at Ballinasloe, by rail some ninety miles west of Dublin, the drovers prefer to spend five days along the road driving their herds afoot, rather than pay the extortionate toll of £2 5s. per truck demanded by the railway. They manage these things better, I believe, in eastern Roumelia.

In every other civilized country the railway management recognizes, if not a duty then an interest, in bringing the producing interior into as close contact as may be with the seaports. English lines make equal rates to any group of competing ports. France does this from the provinces to Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne, Calais, and Dunkirk. The lowland kingdoms keep a careful eye upon cheap traffic facilities to Antwerp, Rotterdam, and Amsterdam, and Germany does the same in the interest of Hamburg, Bremen, Lubeck, and Dantzic. It is only in Ireland that the effort to send goods to the seaboard is penalized. The whole rich dairy district of the Blackwater has been driven out of the butter-making industry because the charge for carriage from Fermoy to Cork (thirty-eight miles) was put at the wanton figure of 15s. 6d. per ton. The enterprising men who planted the fruit orchards in Armagh were similarly broken. The demanded railway charge for conveyance to Belfast, thirty miles away, was 12s. 6d. per ton — and it was cheaper not to grow fruit at all. The flax-raising industry, which we carry in our minds as one of Ireland's principal assets, has been destroyed in much the same way. Belfast and the other Ulster factory towns get nearly all their flax now from the Continent and the West Indies. Why ? It costs 21s. 8d. to bring a ton of flax by rail eighty-six miles, from Stranorlar in Donegal to Belfast ; the combined railway and sea-borne charge from Ghent is only 18s. 8d. In other countries, too, there ex-



ists a theory that cheap transportation of raw materials from the seaboard to inland manufacturing points is good business. This writ of common sense does not run in Ireland. It has come now to be the melancholy case that, save for flax and a little silk, no raw material whatsoever is landed at any Irish port. True, none is needed now, for there are no manufactories in the interior. But this is an effect, not a cause. The mills and factories may be seen, roofless and deserted, on the banks of every little stream in western and mid Ireland. The railways would not bring grist to these mills save at prohibitive prices. They prefer to distribute the flour and yellow meal ground in Milwaukee — the while the very meaning of the word "miller" is losing its meaning to the Irish mind, as the term "loriner" has done with you in England.

To summarize the effects of Ireland's railway system upon an inland town, we

cannot do better than to take the case of Mountmelick, in Queen's County, which sixty years ago was a remarkably favorable specimen of a Quaker settlement — cleanly, well-ordered, industrious, and frugal. The Friends in Ireland lived on exceptionally amiable terms with their Papist neighbors, and at Mountmelick they gave employment to not only those of the town, but of the whole surrounding district. The place still retains its predominant Quaker element, and is still one of the most orderly and self-sufficing of Irish communities. It happens that Lewis's "Topographical History of Ireland" gave, in 1837, a specially detailed survey of the industries of the town. Let me rescue from the obscurity of a blue-book the report of Assistant-Commissioner O'Brien, C.B., to the Royal Commission on Labor, on the state of Mountmelick in May, 1893, and put the two together for purposes of comparison: —

## MOUNTMELICK.

1837.	1893.
1. Population, 4,577.	1. Population, 2,623.
2. Cotton-weaving, employing 2,000 persons in the town and vicinity.	2. Gone.
3. Two woollen factories, employing 1,800 ditto.	3. One frieze factory of 19 looms, only 9 working, employing 30 hands.
4. Iron and brass foundry and engine works, employing 40 persons.	4. Machinery repairing shop — 14 hands.
5. Bit and stirrup factory.	5. Gone.
6. Distillery — annual output, 120,000 gallons.	6. Gone.
7. Three breweries.	7. One Guinness' branch malthouse — 2 men regularly, 50 or more during short season.
8. Flour-mill.	8. Gone.
9. Two soap factories.	9. Gone.
10. Large tannery.	10. A tanning and bottling business — 18 men.
11. Large tile and coarse-ware potteries.	11. Gone.

These contrasted figures, bear in mind, have nothing to do with old trade-discrimination laws, or the Act of Union, or any branch of the great agrarian dispute. They tell the story of a town on a railway fifty miles from Dublin, largely peopled and quite controlled by a class whose energy, courage, thrift, and other sterling qualities your whole industrial north bears wit-

ness to. We see this busy and prosperous town, the centre of nearly a dozen diversified industries, at a time when the railway era was dawning in Ireland. Now, after half a century of railway domination, we find it shorn of nearly half its population, with no industries save three petty establishments overshadowed by the malthouse of a Dublin brewery, and with the army of

four thousand workers in and about its walls whittled down to a beggarly corporal's guard of less than one hundred and fifty. If a strong and flourishing Quaker community could be thus reduced and broken, what chance has there been for the less skilled and less substantial efforts of other Irish towns? Nay, what chance will ever come to them again?

The most considerable mischief wrought by these railways has not yet been touched upon—I mean their attitude toward the fisheries of the south and west coasts. This is a subject on which so much has been said that it need have only brief notice here. Able and devoted men like Sir Thomas Brady and the late Father Davis have worn their hearts out in working, pleading, declaiming in honest rage—to very little purpose. The fish are there, and so are the fishermen, but they are almost as useless as the tube and pedestal of a telescope without lenses. Londoners pay two or three shillings apiece for lobsters. Ten thousand lobsters could be brought into the railway yards on the Galway, Kerry, and Mayo coasts, each week in the season, at a comfortable profit for sixpence each. I have myself bought one in a village a few miles from Westport for a penny. But the railway charges for transportation across the width of the island—ranging from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and eighty-five miles—makes the west coast lobster cost practically as much in Dublin as his North Sea or Channel cousin does in London. There is, it is true, a certain activity in the mackerel fisheries at Baltimore, Crookhaven, and Kinsale, but here, as elsewhere, it is as independent of the railways as if George Stephenson had never been born. These harbors are thronged with the steam-vessels of buyers—vessels from Liverpool, from Bristol, from Barnstaple, from Greenock, from the Isle of Man—and the yield of the nets, bought at prices fixed by others than Irishmen, is hurried away across the waters to English, Scotch, Manx, and even Scandinavian ports. The fishermen bring

ashore only such mackerel as have been partially gnawed by the dog-fish which swarm about the nets, biting off protruding tails and heads. The poor little attempts at a canning or curing industry at Baltimore and Youghal are hardly to be mentioned seriously. Ireland is supposed to consume £500,000 worth of fish annually, and quite half this money she expends in importations from abroad—the while millions of tons lie in the waters at her door, and other millions rot as compost on her remoter shores, because the railways will not carry fish save at a thirty per cent. excess rate, and meet all suggestions of depôts, refrigerator-cars, a central market system, and the like, with a deadly *non possumus*.

Every tourist returning from Ireland carries with him a recollection of the exorbitant charges, the ill-timed trains, the absurd absence of intelligent connections, which characterize the management of Irish railways. He is right in his conclusion that this is one of the principal reasons why tourists systematically avoid Ireland. But he may go further and believe that the discouragement of tourist traffic is a mere drop in the ocean of disasters with which this management has flooded the island. The eye dims with tears at the unhappy spectacle—thousands of good acres going annually out of cultivation; an incessant stream of the young and the able-bodied headed for Queenstown or Galway to take ship; whole countryside dotted with roofless cottages; once populous towns shrunk into squalid shelters for the crippled, diseased, vicious, and incompetent residuum which remain; a deserted people, conscious of being a bedraggled and tattered shadow of their former selves, loafing or pottering about among their ruins with a shamefaced bravado, wearing shoddy English clothes, reading the lowest and flashiest English trash, singing the London music-hall songs of last year, trying in a hundred pitiful ways to make themselves believe that they are really a nation, a co-partner in the greatest of modern empires—one cannot but be moved at

the sight. Many causes have of course contributed to produce this lamentable result. Long observation and experience convince me that the chief agent in working the mischief, as well as the most difficult obstacle in the way of remedying it, has been and is the Irish railway system. And this system alone, among our causes of complaint, has no excuse in the traditional legacies of rights and wrongs, of religious hatreds and racial contempts, of class warfare and clan jealousies, which account for so vast and sad a part of Irish history.

Almost as grievous an indictment might be brought against the Irish banking system. In other countries the functions of a bank are primarily to gather together the unemployed monetary resources of a community, and thus enable the community as a whole to undertake enterprises and conduct a volume of production and trade to which the scattered efforts of its individual members would be unequal. It follows—always speaking of other countries—that the prosperity, activity, and virile force of a community are habitually to be measured by the strength and the intelligent and progressive adaptability of its banking management. Familiar to triteness as this truth is, it must be repeated here, because it furnishes the most concise possible statement of what Irish banking is *not*. So far as playing a helpful part in the employment of Irish resources and the development of Irish production, trade, and commerce are concerned, the banks of Ireland might almost as well be in Mexico. In truth, I am not sure that most of them would not be better there. Irish banks, in practice, exist for the purpose of getting together Irish money and sending it away for investment elsewhere. Of the Bank of Ireland's £12,000,000 of capital, over £10,000,000 are in the use of the government outside of Ireland. The bulk of the other banks employ their hoards even less to the public benefit. There is always Irish money forthcoming for hare-brained gambling ventures in the Argentine or at the Cape, or for dubious schemes some-

what nearer the centre of English finance. It is only when a question of utilizing a little of this money in Ireland is raised, that a conservative chill benumbs the processes of Irish banking. Then you encounter the most mercilessly vigilant caution, the most rigid insistence upon a surplus of security. In effect, no man can get money from an Irish bank for Irish industrial or commercial purposes, unless he can prove that he does not need it. To grant a loan on prospective profits, to lend upon mercantile security, is unheard of. Equally out of the question is it for a farmer to borrow upon the value of his lease, or upon his improvements. The Irish banker takes no interest in the doings and prospects of the busy men about him. It is no concern of his to watch their progress, to canvas the chances of their success, to form conclusions as to whether they are men to be backed up or not. These are all affairs quite out of his province. His office is almost as alien to the interests and fortunes of the country he lives in as is that of the emigration agent at Queenstown. Even the Post-Office Savings Banks—with their aggregate Irish capital of £3,974,968 in 1891—work out the same unfortunate results. If it is good for the people individually to have such a store of savings, it is a good far overbalanced by the general evil of having this money sent out of the country and applied to foreign uses.

But, it will be answered, these are all ills which may be remedied. A miraculously reinvigorated and inspired new generation of agriculturists can drain the land, plant fresh forests, and make Ireland to blossom like the rose. A restored national pride will furnish the impulse under which the coal and iron are to be brought buoyantly to the surface, the mill-wheels started whirring again, and the wretched mud-hovels revolutionized into tidy and commodious homes. A strong, vigorous, and sympathetic national government in Dublin will find some way to put a regenerated Irish banking system in touch with Irish business and trade,

will know how to restore confidence and energy to commercial life—may even discover a plan by which to turn the Irish railways into a blessing instead of a curse, without bringing down the wrathful veto of the British shareholder, and his vested-interests spokesmen at Westminster.

I speak as one who is willing to see the experiment tried, and who fain would believe that these halcyon results may follow. But above every form of hope there rises the grim and gloomy shadow of doubt—is it not really too late?

In the consideration of this question, I should like to put aside at the very outset the so-called problem of Ulster. If the electorate of the United Kingdom in its wisdom or unwisdom, as it may turn out to be, sees fit to devolve back Parliamentary power to Dublin, this phantom problem will soon enough demonstrate its own unreality. The principal figures in the opposed Parliamentary groups of Irish Nationalists and Irish Unionists are well acquainted with one another. They pair together, they travel to and from Kingstown together. They laugh among themselves, privately, at the remarkable success their violent public display of histrionism has had in setting the slower Saxon by the ears all over the world. There is no prominent Irish Unionist who has not picked out, and already begun to furtively cultivate, the constituency he would prefer to represent in the new Irish Legislative Assembly, if one is to be created. There is no leading Irish Nationalist who does not know this perfectly, and who has not a clear idea as to the particular personal group of Unionists with whom he would choose to work, in Irish affairs, in preference to some of his present patriot colleagues.

The chief real difference between Belfast and its half-dozen small imitators in the north, and the rest of the towns of Ireland, lies in the fact that the Ulster communities have a line of industries in which cheap female labor can be profitably employed. There is in all Ireland, by the census of 1891, an

excess of females over males of 72,010. Of this excess the twenty-eight Catholic counties have 17,517, and the four Protestant counties have 54,493. This means simply that the able-bodied girl in the Catholic parts goes away to America or Australia, because there is nothing for her to do at home. The Protestant girl of Belfast or Derry finds employment in the home factories instead. The product of her labor—somewhat underpaid, it is said, but very remunerative to the employer—more than accounts for the net advantage these few Protestant towns enjoy over their Catholic fellows. Nor is this advantage so striking in substance as it seems to be on the lecturer's screen. With an equal population, Waterford ten years ago paid almost twice the income-tax of Londonderry, and Dublin's income-tax is still nearly double that of Belfast. If I do not refer henceforth to these Protestant towns, by way of exception, it is because they are not really important, one way or the other.

The true basis of the doubts I have mentioned—most dismal and depressing doubts—is to be found in the condition and character of the people of Ireland to-day. I would not lock my mind against the hope that a man, or a body of men, may be raised up strong enough, great enough, to do something with them. But it is to be said, in all solemnity and candor, that no statesman has ever before been confronted with a task of such dimensions, and containing so many elements of an apparently hopeless nature.

How much is cause and how much effect, and which of the two is which, are questions I leave to others. I know no standard by which we can judge what another race would have been like, graduated under the conditions which have ruled these hundred years in Ireland. Happily the experiment has never been tried on quite the same lines anywhere else. There is a Poland, to be sure, and other partial parallels occur to the mind, but there is always in these the vital flaw that the nobility, gentry, and natural leading

classes went with their people, and were indeed the ones who most conspicuously suffered in the losing fight. Ireland offers the unique instance of an aristocracy going over almost *en bloc* to the side of the stranger, and leaving the middle and lower strata to shift for themselves, where indeed they did not become the active and interested agents of the oppression. In the great famine years of 1847-9, for instance, it was the Irish aristocracy and landed classes who exacted rents and carried out wholesale clearances, and it was the charity of England and America which enabled even a remnant of the Irish people to survive the terrible crisis in the land of their birth. Neither Poland nor Austrian Italy, neither Hungary in the forties nor the Slav States under the pashas, had at least that experience. So I say that it must remain a matter of speculation — of partisan debate, if you will — how some other race would have emerged from the same ordeal.

That the Irish race — in Ireland — has come out badly there can be no two opinions among candid observers. It seems to me to be of the utmost importance for the future that we should realize just what that "badly" means. In a question of life and death, a kindly diagnosis becomes easily a crime.

So shrewd and cautious a student of lands and resources as Arthur Young thought, a century ago, that Ireland could maintain a population of one hundred million souls. Sir Robert Kane, in his "Industrial Resources," puts the number to be supported comfortably, under intelligent management, at twenty million. We know that, fifty years ago, the island did contain over eight million, and, as the glimpse afforded above of Mountmelick shows, there was a greater industrial prosperity then than now. At the present time Ireland contains about four million six hundred thousand inhabitants, and is still losing its population yearly at a rate of about ten per cent. Of the existing population, eight hundred and fifty thousand live in

towns of over ten thousand inhabitants, which is seventeen per cent. of the whole, as against seventy-one per cent. in England and forty-seven in Scotland. The agricultural class, in round numbers, comprises nine hundred and thirty-five thousand people; the industrial class, six hundred and fifty-five thousand; the domestic class, two hundred and fifty-five thousand; the professional class, two hundred and fifteen thousand; the commercial class, eighty-five thousand. These two last classes deserve especial notice. In England the predominance of the commercial over the professional class is as forty-nine to thirty-two; in Scotland, as thirty-three to twenty-four; in Germany, as forty-five to twenty-two; in France, as twenty-one to five. There is no other civilized country which does not contain, in some proportion, more commercial men than professional men — except Ireland, where the ruinous ratio the other way is as twenty-one to eight.

That fifth of the population which supports itself by agriculture is a shade better off now than it was a dozen years ago. The general effect of land legislation since 1881 has been to give the small farmer and the smaller holder a sense of security, which they lacked before. They could whitewash their cottages now, put on a new thatch, or lay a floor inside, without its being taken as an evidence of prosperity warranting an increase in the rent. As a result, the traveller now gets a considerably less repellent idea of the condition of the farming classes than used to be forced upon him. The incessant emigration, too, has measurably augmented the demand for labor in the country. The ordinary spade-man — original of the *spalpeen* — can now earn an average annual wage of £20. This man has long been the least unsatisfactory figure in the woe-begone gallery of Irish-class types. He shows fewer signs of the universal dry-rot, even now, than the others. It is true that the once famous pride in keeping his aged parents off the rates is now pretty well extinct in him, and that his wife



has raised the industry of going about begging at the farmers' houses to a quite professional pitch. His old melancholy inability to do anything by organization is as marked as ever. There is scarcely a vestige of an agricultural laborers' trade union to be found in Ireland, and — with a single exception in Carlow — the Irish Hodge shows no conception of any form of benefit society. But in the strictly rural districts he remains industrious, honest, and faithful, and since, in our own time, his condition has admittedly been the worst of any white Christian under the sun, one cannot but be glad, if it be true, as Assistant-Commissioner O'Brien thinks it is, that he is doing better.

The farmers may no longer find a profit in preserving an exaggerated squalor about their homes, but they get little enough profit out of anything else. Here and there a strong farmer, happily situated as regards the problem of getting cheaply to a good market, does a little more than make both ends meet. The rest hold themselves extremely fortunate when they have managed to subsist through the year without increasing the gombeen-man's clutch on their holding and next year's crops. This, however, is coming more and more to be the case all over the British Isles, and it is enough to say that the Irish farmer, with so many odds against him, will not at the best be doing better than his English and Scotch fellows. His, too, is a respectable class, harder of nature and narrower than the agricultural laborer, prejudiced by bitter experience against venturing upon experimental outlay, schooled to meanness in small routine expenditures, and painfully lacking in ideas not connected with farm-work, markets, and the sports of coursing and horse-racing — but still respectable. If the Irish farmer and his laborer made up three-fifths of Ireland's population, instead of one-fifth, there would be no need for despair. But it is upon these two classes that the hand of expatriation has been most heavily laid. The sons and grandsons of Irish husbandmen who are doing well to-day in the United States, in

Canada and Australia, in Glasgow and the north of England, outnumber by fivefold their cousins who have remained to till the soil of Ireland.

The moment we quit the farm-land proper for the village, the evil and discouraging change begins. Without doubt there is all too much sad incapacity, poverty, and wretchedness in what we have turned our backs upon; but in what we are coming to these will be found not only to exist in a greatly increased degree, but to be capped by an element of personal worthlessness which it is difficult to think or speak of with the scantest patience.

I will not lay any particular stress upon that familiar and heartbreaking feature in every Irish village — the considerable class of miserable and ragged old people who are frankly unable to get food from day to day without help of some sort, official or otherwise. They are by no means the worst people you shall find in this simple hamlet or small town. Students of their species who have lived long either in this or any other backward district of Europe do not need to be told that the generation which grew up, before reading and writing were the local fashion, possessed certain qualities which somehow their lettered children have managed to miss. Mr. William O'Brien has recently published an affecting sketch of one of the last of the itinerant "philologues," a curiously independent old bag of rags and bones, who tramped from barony to barony, contemplating the stars through some absurd pre-Ptolemaic mist of theory, thinking of himself as a grammarian, and received everywhere sweetly as a unique survival of something, no one knew just what, but which at any rate was undoubtedly Irish — an antique figure as lovable as it was preposterous. I find myself thinking of the swarm of tattered, red-eyed, foul-smelling, wholly illiterate ancient paupers of the Irish village with something of this same instinctive tenderness. As our phrase goes, "they mean no harm, poor souls." They never learned to read, very likely they never wanted to work, but they

are almost the only remaining custodians of the memories of a once brilliant, imaginative, swift-witted people. In their dirty and bemuddled keeping are the oral traditions, legends, songs, and national folk-lore of an otherwise departed race, the glamour of whose strange qualities and tragic fate still fascinates the fancy of civilization. It is, of course, not as true of them now as it was even ten years ago—and infinitely less than it was in the awful year of 1849, when Thomas Carlyle looked them over, and saw nothing but “the old abominable aspect of human swinery.” But a touch, a suggestion of the ancient light seems always visible to me in these hapless old wretches. My word for it, the village will be even less bearable than it is now when they are gone.

What else will you find in this community—be it a village of five hundred inhabitants, or an ancient decayed town of ten thousand? A handful of shops on a main street, one or two of which perhaps perpetuate the flickering remains of a local industry—the rest what are called general stores, for the sale of tinned meats, dried fish, and breadstuffs from America, cheap shoddy cloths from English or German mills, cheap hats from East London’s Jewish sweating establishments, cheap German boots, and a ruck of gaudy and grossly inferior wares gathered from half-a-dozen other homes of pinchbeck manufacture. Occasionally the district, as about Galway or Gweedore, affords some speciality of local fabrication which it is worth while to offer for sale. As a rule, the last thing these merchants dream of getting in stock is something of Irish origin. A few of these traders will be strong men, astute in the bestowal of credit, and utilizing their widespread hold upon their debtors to pecuniary advantage, quite after the manner of the gombeen-man. The rest will lead a hand-to-mouth existence, unable to make competition with their rivals an exciting or even interesting affair, and satisfied if their women-folk take in enough over the counter to provide them with the

means of idling comfortably in the neighboring bars.

There will be a priest who in any case works hard, and who in addition, if he happens to be a man of brains and zeal, may exert a considerable moral and social influence for good. In this latter case, and especially if the principal physician is of a sort to labor cordially with him, people all over that poor-law district will know Father So-and-so by repute, and his village will enjoy a good name. But the conditions grow increasingly unfavorable to the production of that kind of priest. The commoner type nowadays is of a man who is zealous enough but lacking in breadth and intelligent sympathy. He does not hit it off with the doctor, and that means a sweeping neutralization of his power for improving matters. If he gets into antagonism with the publicans as well, his influence may be written down at zero.

Every “if” in Ireland may indeed be said to turn now upon these same publicans. It must be an exceptional Irish village or town—one worth a long day’s journey to see—that they cannot control. The state of things which makes Guinness the best-known trading name in Ireland, and probably John Jamieson the next most familiar, and which in whole districts of Ireland has left the distillery or malt-house busy while every other industry has vanished, reflects itself by multiplied facets in the municipal and social existence of the large towns and cities. If it were not for the saving fact that in many of the smaller places these publicans are amiable men, amenable to the persuasion of the priest and the handful of serious good citizens, the condition of all urban Ireland would be too terrible to think of.

As it is, every Irish community big enough to have a tied public-house contains an element of its male population which may be put as a minimum at one-fifth, and is far more often a third or even a half of the whole, which is body and soul at the service of the publican. The larger the population, the truer this becomes. It is

bad in Kilkenny and Galway, much worse in Waterford and Cork, worst of all in Dublin. I risk nothing in challenging the citation of any considerable Irish town, the local government of which is not in the hands of a majority named and actively supported by the publican and the liquor and brewing interests. The supremacy of these forces in the municipal control of Dublin and Cork is a matter of notoriety. A page of this review could be readily filled with a list of official acts of the legislative rulers of these two cities, every one of which was palpably dictated by the interests, and passed for the benefit, either of the trade as a whole or of this one or that of its principal organizers. The ratepayers of Cork know to their cost of a complete tram-line built for no other reason than to facilitate Sunday travel out to the suburban resort of a leading publican-politician.

Considering the tremendous exodus of the more enterprising and ambitious small farmers, artisans, and laborers which has now been going on for over forty years, it is not at all surprising that long ago the proportion of idle, incompetent, and valueless males left behind should have become abnormally large in Ireland. No doubt it was already dangerously large fifteen years ago, when the present phase of the ever-recurring national agitation may be said to have begun. We failed to realize it, simply because in the earlier days of the movement the prodigious momentum of the Land League's progress, of the National League's triumphant march, and of the forward sweep of the Irish question in the Parliamentary arena at Westminster, gathered up and carried along priest and publican, lawyer and tradesman, worker and loafer, in the indiscriminate hurly-burly of a common enthusiasm. It remains still a matter for marvel to those who lived through it all in Ireland that during that first dozen years, what I may call the rapsallion class, though it must have doubled itself and more meanwhile, did so little mischief. Most of the notable crimes which were com-

mitted, headed by the savage tragedy in Phoenix Park, were the work of little isolated groups of ruffians assembling daily at the house of some publican who was disaffected toward the general Nationalist policy. The influence of the popular movement which, up to 1890, we knew as Parnellism, had undoubtedly the effect of putting the ever-increasing ragamuffin element in Ireland on its good behavior. So quiet, indeed, did it keep that, as has been said, we wholly failed to keep in mind what the emigration figures of the registrar-general were telling year after year.

It was the sudden shock, halt, and upset of 1890—I mean Mr. Parnell's collision with destiny and the British matron—which rudely opened our eyes. If we had remained ignorant of what was going on in Ireland under our noses, Mr. Parnell, who viewed the island and its people always with the cool, penetrating scrutiny of an outsider, was under no such delusion. He knew what others had failed to grasp—that in 1890 the idle, unattached, and wastrel elements in the Irish towns were relatively twice as powerful as they had been a decade before, and that the publicans were the men who could marshal and control these forces as an independent army. With the unerring directness of genius he went straight to the point. Flying back to Dublin, he threw himself openly, bodily, upon the publicans of the Irish metropolis. Within a month the line of cleavage drawn there by his instinct of generalship had split its way through every town and village in Ireland. To-day, after a lapse of three years, this dividing line remains practically where he first traced it. There are a scattered handful of publicans who are restrained by the pressure of local feeling from calling themselves Parnellites, just as here and there an isolated priest may be found who has followed his flock into the opposite camp. The overwhelming rule is that the publicans are on one side, the priest on the other. Every town public-house is a Parnellite centre; every

barmaid is a focus from which radiates enthusiasm for the ivy-leaf and declamation against clerical interference. I do not, in saying this, trespass on the domain of politics. There are no partisan politics involved in Parnellism. It is as strictly a social and ethical affair as the question of having pianos in the London Board schools.

Since 1890 every thoughtful Irishman has been contemplating with astonishment and dismay the numerical proportions of this vast army of urban riff-raff. The mere fact of its being given a rallying idea, a pretext for even the loosest sort of organization, seems to have immensely increased its size. There is no town now of any importance in Leinster, Munster, Connaught, or the third of Ulster which knows in the least what to do with its swarm of pot-house loafers and corner-boys. Fortunately, for the moment they are not strong as Parliamentary voters, but the next turn of the franchise wheel must let them in. Already, as has been said, they are the dominant power in Irish municipal government. But their social effect is far worse than the mischief they can work in local politics. A permanently idle class, accepting just enough odd jobs to maintain a bare existence, they spread a murrain of vagrancy and drunken example through the better ordered youth about them, the debauching results of which already make themselves only too miserably obvious. By the mere force of numbers, they give a prevalent tone to existence in the community—a tone of thriftless, devil-may-care indolence and irresponsibility at the very best, and more frequently one of active mischief and drunken disorder—which must inevitably color all but the strongest and clearest-headed youths being reared under it. It is this wholesale dry-rotting of the boys growing up in the Irish towns and villages, merely through contact with this ever-swelling army of loafers and vagabonds, which makes one ask with a sinking heart what hope there is of the new generation. We are still raising many good boys in spite of this contaminated envi-

ronment—steady, pure-minded, ambitious, diligent lads, who are not ashamed to be regular at mass, and at their studies or work, and at their beds in good time. It is our curse that these exceptions will not remain in their maturity to help us combat the national evil. They will sail off for America or the Antipodes, weakening steadily the minority which strives to better matters. As things go now, this always-shrinking minority cannot much longer keep up a decent show of resistance. It must be overwhelmed by weight of numbers.

It is a significant fact that the Irishman returned from America or Australia is one of the worst elements in this mischievous and dangerous class. I suppose this is logical enough; if he had not had the seeds of worthlessness in him, he would have taken root in the soil of a new continent and remained there. I could name from personal acquaintance a dozen small towns and villages where the home-coming of a single sophisticated loafer or ruffian from foreign parts has wrought the whole difference between a tolerably quiet and well-ordered community, and a place visibly going, with loud turbulence and vicious *abandon*, straight to the devil. It is a part of the irony of our fate that this returned blatherskite or miscreant should take a wild and absorbing interest in local politics. If he has learned nothing good abroad, he has at least acquired a shrewd acquaintance with the tricks and machinery of the "caucus," and he knows how to put himself on the Town Council of Galway, or make himself a poor law guardian in a smaller place, in the teeth of all the soberer elements of the electorate. There is a certain vigor and unholy activity about the fellow, a kind of brass imitation of the golden resourcefulness he has seen abroad, which makes him the natural ringleader of the slower and more timid stay-at-home loafers, and he gathers them up and propels them along as a force for confusion, waste, and wrong which no one knows how to stand up against.

The decent country population have

done their best to stand up against it. They will still rally with stout hearts and good sticks to beat off the town and village mobs which, with barrels of free porter, free return-tickets, and some silver in their unaccustomed pockets, are now habitually transported by excursion trains to overawe the rustic voters at election times. But it must be a losing fight in the long run. The townward impulse is quite as strong in Ireland as elsewhere in this century of cities. The country loses steadily not only its proportions of emigrants to other lands, but also its fraction by the movement to the towns. It remains in our time a power for at least relative good, but it is a waning power.

I have not alluded anywhere to what may be called the gentle class, either in town or country. It is perhaps the most tragic, as it certainly is the most enraging, feature of the whole miserable business, that they are of no account in the problem. Fate decided generations ago that they should not have the kind of Ireland they wanted. If it could have been otherwise, imagination shies at the effort to fancy what that Ireland after their own hearts would have been. As it was, when they could not have their own way, they refused to concern themselves further in the matter. Such of them as remain on the island live in a perpetual state of futile protest against everything about them. There are able and good men among them, men with ideas and energy which might be of public service, if it were not for the fact that their class long ago abnegated its title to interfere. The country has swung far away out of the orbit of its "gentlemen." Even if they could swallow their pride to the point of asking to be allowed to help, and had an intelligent and disinterested desire to be of use—hypotheses which some will say are pure abstractions—it would be fifty years before they could get the middle and lower classes of Irishmen to believe in them. They had their great opportunities. From Lord Edward Fitzgerald's day to Smith O'Brien's, there was no time when the gentlemen

of Ireland could not have put themselves at the head of the Irish people's national movement. They formally declined to do so, and to-day they exert just about as much influence on the people they live among as the Hindu legal and medical students domiciled in London on the public opinion of the metropolis.

It would be too great a task to attempt to indicate here in detail the other strands making up this fatal cable which drags Ireland, ever at a swifter pace, along the downward path. Those who are best acquainted with what, for want of a better phrase, may be called the social life of the Irish middle classes, will most readily pardon me for shirking such a job. The difficulty would lie, to be frank, in hitting upon any phase of it which did not explain something of the decline, or exhibit itself as a token of the *degringolade*. Even the expression "social life" returns to one like an ironical boomerang. What is there of the "social" in an existence where the institution of one family going to dine under another family's roof is practically unknown? where the taking of food, either at home or in a hotel, is racially regarded as something to be slurred over, almost to be avoided in polite conversation? where, from one end of the island to the other, such a being as a really skilled cook scarcely exists? The point is not made in a frivolous spirit. It touches one of those features in the life of a people which are really vital. Go through the miles of dingy, shabby-genteel residences which house the trading, professional, and general middle classes of Dublin or Cork, and the rarest sight of all will be a place conveying the impression of a cheerful, tidy, well-ordered, self-contained home. Everywhere instead there is the dominant suggestion of a temporary make-shift lodging-place, to which it would be ridiculous to grow attached, and where it is not worth any one's while to essay any of the little comforts and graces of domesticity. The tradition of efficient housekeeping, if it was ever potent in Ireland, has quite vanished among the



wives and daughters of urban Ireland. Their men-folk regard with astonishment, when they quit their island, even the modified comforts and conveniences of the most ordinary British household. It is a part of the common, universal blight of helplessness, hopelessness, stretching its sterilizing touch to the very hearthstone of the family.

Elsewhere in the English-speaking world the Irishman has kept himself well abreast of the literary and journalistic activity and progress of his environment. It is only in Ireland that his hereditary reverence for the printed word, and the legacy of intellectual ferment and output in his blood, yield a barren harvest. True, he is of all men on earth the most easily swayed by his newspapers—as is shown by the fact that in every Irish factional development, the earliest and most determined efforts are always concentrated upon the attempt to seize the public journals in one interest or the other. To this day, everybody who speaks candidly, admits that Mr. Parnell could not have held Dublin, even with the breweries and distilleries, the tied-houses and the corner-boys, if he had not also had the *Freeman* on his side at the outset. There was always a constituency of some sort ready at hand for even the kind of newspaper that poor, illiterate, shifty, demoralized old Dick Pigott could make. All the same, the journalism of Ireland at its best is bad. Take a look any day at the press of Dublin, Belfast, Cork, if you would realize what a descent there has been from the level of John Mitchel's and Thomas Davis's time. As for literature, it has practically perished from the land. Any London publisher will tell you that, of an edition of two thousand volumes of a popular, fairly priced work, whether of history, travel, essays, memoirs, or of the higher fiction, he never counts upon Dublin's consuming more than five copies. When the book becomes the "rage," or chances to deal with an Irish subject, this may double itself, or even in rare cases mount up to twenty copies. Glance over the book-stall in any Irish railway station; you will find

cheap editions of Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Braddon, Fergus Hume, Hawley Smart, and the rest by the score, but only the most pitifully partial supply of anything artistic or substantial, much less of anything Irish. Listen to the young man tending this book-stall, as he beguiles his leisure by humming a tune. If you expect it to be Irish you will be doomed to disappointment. This year it is last London season's "Man who broke the Bank at Monte Carlo;" next year it will be your already half-forgotten "Bicycle made for Two." The dear old music, the inborn love and respect for literature, the pride in the intellectual records of the race—these are all gone. The novels of the Hon. Emily Lawless, whose "Grania" and "Hurrish" stand quite apart as studies of primitive west-coast life, are not read in Ireland, any more than is the non-Irish fiction of Justin McCarthy. The names of Lover and Lever, of Mangan, Carleton, and Gerald Griffin, have faded into a thin haze of memory.

Poor dishevelled and dirty Dublin does indeed strive to cling, in a feeble, desultory way, to the shadow of her former literary fame. The effort spends itself, so far as Irish readers are concerned, in one or two dull and provincial monthly publications, the names of which are hardly known outside the circle of their writers and printers. So far as English readers go, such of them as see the *London Bookman* may find in the last issue an article by Katherine Tynan, eulogizing the young Irish poet Yeats, and another by Yeats extolling the masterly qualities of Douglas Hyde. If next month Dr. Hyde writes praising the work of Miss Tynan, the completed triangle will furnish the sum of modern literary Ireland's strength. It is characteristic of this lonely and forlorn little group of real geniuses that they should be vehement Parnellites.—attracted from the romantic and etherealized standpoint, as the scourings of Dublin's gutters and whiskey-soaked slums are drawn by lust for turbulence and affection for all forms of mutiny, toward that sad, strange, shadowy fig-

ure, prophet, desperado, ruler, charlatan, madman, martyr all in one — the last commanding personality in hapless Ireland's history.

Follow the poet and the publican down one path, go with the priest up the other — you come into the same impassable and bridgeless bog. The points of difference between your company on the one road and the other may be interesting; they bring you up in the same slough of despond. The "respectable" classes who decline to give a divorced lady the name of her second husband, no more see their way to making a good, prosperous, satisfactory *bourgeois* Ireland, than the corner-boy and barmaid classes intend to let them try.

Briefly, then, the problem of Ireland is this: By what miracle can this remnant of the home race, now so thinned-out and woefully deteriorated in stock, so overlaid in its centres of population by an infected human scum, so committed at every turn to the grossest fallacies and abuses of industrial, commercial, and political organization, and so cruelly distanced and demoralized in all the things which elsewhere go to constitute a healthful and well-balanced national life — win regeneration?

It has been my task — a melancholy one enough in all conscience — to portray the dark side of the Irish shield, as many years of experience, much sympathetic observation and compassionate scrutiny, have shown it to me. Others, I understand, are to deal with the more personal and partisan aspects of the question, to examine the conditions of leadership and conflicting individual influences which shape existing public life in Ireland, and, by the light of these, to cast the future's horoscope. If it is in their power to prove me wrong, to demonstrate that the shield has as well its luminous side of hope and promise, in a word to foretell the miracle — my discomfiture will be also my exceeding great joy.

X.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE UNFINISHED TASK.

SELINA CHADWICK was growing into a hard, censorious woman, and, in her grim way, she knew it, and set her teeth and said it was no wonder. It was all Lionel's fault. He was her difficulty five years ago, when she had her chance to be a happy wife; he was her difficulty still.

There was something heroic in the sacrifice she was daily making of her peace and of her prospects, of her presentable looks and of her good temper. She knew this too. It fashioned for her a certain sombre pride in which she wrapped herself as in a garment. When John Burgess went away discontented and discontented with her answer she saw a strange radiance fade. Loneliness was familiar enough. A life at Ruffle Down Farm insured that. But the loneliness that followed brought a new ache, a weariness, sometimes a woman's desperate desire to die.

Not that she would have admitted so much to a sympathizer if any had approached. She scorned her own weakness. She had assumed her burden deliberately and she would carry it, and none should see her bend. The work was interminable, and it was the secret of her brooding anger that she could not do with it as she pleased. Her patience was put to a perpetual strain. But her strong face was inflexible as she remonstrated once more with her brother. However useless her efforts might be, she held that she was bound to continue them.

It dated from a day when old Simeon Chadwick, a widower, a miser, and a soured man, lay a-dying. Son and daughter stood at his bedside. But Lionel was called out of the room. The face with the awful damp upon it moved slightly towards Selina. She was quick to respond, and stooped. A faint whisper came into her ears: —

"Keep — Lionel — straight."

It was characteristic of Selina Chadwick that she paused before she replied. Those were the moments in

which she counted the cost. Then she said:—

"I will, father."

The farmer died and was buried. His hoarded money proved to be nearly enough, but not quite, to pay off a mortgage which his father had left upon the farm. By the will it went to Selina, with the counsel that she should go on to save and to complete the release, and then draw her portion jointly with her brother. John Burgess offered to do this for her quickly if she would marry him. But the wall of her promise came between and she refused.

Nothing seemed to change in the homestead on the great wold. Brother and sister were in the ruts of habit, and it was easier to repeat than to innovate. They managed to make a living profit even in hard times. Selina took the praise of the achievement. She was four years the older, a splendid accountant, a woman with will and energy to her finger-tips, whereas Lionel had a fame for folly. People said he would have gone to the dogs if a girl had not held him back. And though the majority spoke in ignorance and lived to be surprised, they were right.

Selina was in no doubt upon the point. For once she lost the curb upon her tongue, and instead of the grave and measured rebukes which preserved her dignity and stopped short of a breach, the long-repressed passion flamed out:—

"If I had not looked after things the farm would have gone downhill faster than father dragged it up," she said. "You spend while I pinch. You go flinging twelve miles across country into Spilsby night after night to scatter money that is hard come by. Oh yes, I know what those journeys mean; I am not cheated any more than father was. And now you tell me that you have sold the bay colt for forty pounds to John Burgess, and that 'you require the cash.' I dare say you do—to make ducks and drakes of. Is there any place that shame can hit, Lionel, or are you armor-proof? Do you know that I would be mistress at Torlight today if I had not thought to make a

man of my brother? It is no easy matter."

She broke off with a sudden sickness at the trick her wrath had played her. It had been her intention never to speak of a dream that was dead. Selina was nearer tears at that instant than at any time since John Burgess left her. Moreover, there was a light in Lionel's eyes that she had not seen there before, and which warned her that she had gone too far. She might call him what she pleased, but he was not a boy now. The veil of a preconceived idea dropped, and she recognized decision, and fixed purpose, and masterfulness. There was more in Lionel's steady gaze which she did not recognize. It puzzled her.

"I am very sorry," he answered, "sorry that I have not understood. Things are beginning to clear a bit. You have been good, and careful, and kind. At least, you meant to be kind. I acknowledge that at once. Do not let us quarrel to-day, Selina; I am not in the mood for it. We have not quarrelled since it was about Lottie Glen, whom you thought I was growing too fond of, and who had to leave Ruffle Down, though she helped you wonderfully, and though her people were as good as ours, in the old days when wheat was a reasonable market."

"Thomas Glen failed," Selina interpolated. Why did Lionel rake up the embers of this difference long past? Her impatience returned. She held it as one of her truest services that by vigorous action she had prevented a foolish match. It was a critical episode in her struggle to keep Lionel straight. It did not appear that he was grateful yet.

"But the bad seasons were to blame, and the poor ground. It was not like Torlight or even Ruffle Down. Still, that is past and gone, and you did no harm, Selina."

"Is that all you can say about it? You were losing your head because Lottie's cheeks were pretty. You can't have forgotten?"

"No, I have not forgotten."

"If I could break the chain of these

vicious habits that take you out to Spilsby as easily it should be done, and you would benefit."

"Is that all, Selina?"

It was a dry, sharp accent that held a meaning in suspense. Selina heard the tinkle of milk-pails at the end of the long passage. Her heat was gone. She was again the stern, practical woman who did not willingly waste either a word or a sixpence. Her voice had its old ironical ring.

"Yes, from me," she said, "but the deficiency in the mortgage money is still — forty pounds."

The man swung on his heel and vanished at the door of the harness-room. He seemed to carry with him a curious atmosphere of passion. When the day had worn on well into the evening, and there was no Lionel at the dinner-table, and no Lionel at the simple six-o'clock tea, his sister remembered this. His dark flush, and the crease over his blue eyes, and the manner suffused with inexplicable resolution, began to trouble her. A look into the stables showed that he had gone on horseback. She was too proud to inquire of the men. It would have revealed the unusual circumstance that he was absent during working hours, and that she had not been consulted. That must seem like the end of a dictatorship. Side by side with her dread of disaster went her own secret conviction that her rule was broken forever.

Anxiety was gnawing with a sharp tooth behind the outward disguise of a phlegmatic woman. It strengthened with the hours and passed the point at which Selina could bear it and proceed with her petty household employments. She could not recall a fit of such imperious uneasiness. It was her boast that she was never the prey of nerves, and yet she was lashing herself into a fever. She went into the yard and ordered Cherry Ripe, the shaggy hill pony, to be put into harness. The stable hand stared, for the creature was indifferently broken; but he had learned the rules of the establishment, and he went away, without protest or question, to do as he was bid.

Ten minutes sufficed, and equipage and lady were both ready. Selina was a good driver, and certainly did not know physical fear. It did not occur to her to let Seth Phillips sit behind, though with the fancy that it might be so he had slipped into his best coat. She took the Spilsby road in the grey dusk alone.

Lionel was the dupe of Spilsby gamesters. She felt as sure of it as of her own existence. From the first his proclivities had been marked and known at Ruffle Down. Simeon Chadwick had many times stormed at him. And with words as caustic, though not set to the pitch of passion until to-day, Selina had maintained the tradition of rebuke for more than five years. She believed that she had checked the evil. To eradicate it seemed impossible. But now he must have cherished a bitter grudge for her plain speaking, and what if, in the madness of an afternoon, he should tumble down the edifice painfully erected by his father's thrift and hers. Stories were familiar on the wold of estates tied up for generations by such an access of folly.

She had to pass Torlight, and the thought of her confession to Lionel flooded her mind with chagrin. It did more: it prevented timely response to the wayward mood of Cherry Ripe. The pony shied at the white gate and overturned on an opposite grass mound. Selina was shot out, fortunately far enough to escape being dragged. She fell upon grass and was shaken and bruised, but was otherwise unhurt. She was quickly on her feet, and, with cool courage, was making for the pony's head warily, for Cherry Ripe was kicking himself free. This he did before she could seize the reins. The broken shafts went grating at his heels down the road.

It was utter wreck, discomfiture, and, for her, when Lionel knew, disgrace. He would feel the unwonted luxury of an easy superiority. It must fix the perilous reversal of positions on which she had already looked with foreboding. The days of her leadership were closed.

That meant Lionel's destruction, and ultimate chaos at the farm. She was sadly sure of it. If the guiding hand was cast off he would go from bad to worse. Her labors and her sacrifices for his sake would be all in vain.

It was a mesh of confused thinking, through which a voice broke.

"Why, Miss Chadwick, can it be you? You are trembling all over. You must be hurt, I am afraid. I met your pony, but I could not stop him. I expect he will slacken off on Spilsby Hill. How did it happen? No, don't you say anything yet; it is too much for you. Come into the house, and Mrs. Mowbray shall wait upon you."

Selina gave a gesture of dissent. She was not weak, but she dare not enter Torlight. She could not face John Burgess in a lighted room now. She put her hand up almost furtively to adjust the soiled and broken hat; then she knew that she was crying, and that he saw it. It was too ridiculous.

"I do not need anything, thank you," she said, "except—to get to Spilsby. It is clear the cart cannot go."

She began stiffly, but ended with a flash of involuntary humor. Her spirits were curiously reviving. Probably a reaction was inevitable.

John Burgess had left his own gig at the corner. Gig and man were wholly for Selina to command.

"I have come from there, and I will willingly return, Miss Chadwick, if I may take you to Spilsby. Or I will send some one."

She had the grace to pass that suggestion by. He could not see that she was blushing and that her eyes shone.

"It is kind of you; I will thank you very much," she said.

The talk was wholly of the accident and of Cherry Ripe—of whom there was no sign—and of the bay colt sent from Ruffle Down to Torlight, until Spilsby Hill was more than half climbed. Then Selina said that her business was with Lionel, and that she believed he was in the town.

"Yes, I was in his company," John

Burgess answered, "and he has not gone home, or we must have met him."

Somehow there was more than a suspicion of reserve in the remark. Selina's interpretation was that the speaker knew of Lionel's misdemeanors. But it was not for her to accuse her brother, and there was silence into Spilsby market square. To her astonishment the glare of the lamps disclosed the fact that John Burgess was intensely amused. His homely face was the mirror of an honest spirit, and the eyes twinkled and the mouth twitched, and the smile could not be driven back. Had it come to this, then, that Selina was a jest to him? She was sorry now that she had not tramped every yard of the four miles. Shaken as she was she could have done it.

"The Griffin is your inn, Miss Chadwick; Lionel puts up there. They will undertake the search for the pony. May I explain for you?"

He was doing it before she replied, and he did not seem to know that he had not obtained leave. Selina stood a little aside.

Her heart was sore as well as her limbs. She was trying to find the woman who had risen with the autumn dawn and dominated a household at Ruffle Down. It was difficult to identify herself. It would be more difficult soon.

"Shall I take you to Lionel, Miss Chadwick? I think I know where we may find him."

In her surprise she said yes.

John Burgess crossed the square and went up Saxon Causeway to an old house at the end, and Selina was at his side. He rang the bell. It was Lionel who opened, and his face changed. But the shadow was swallowed up by a soft, strange light.

"Have you come, Selina?" he said. "That is well, I think, though I do not understand it. I suppose I shall hear all about it by and by."

And he glanced queerly at John Burgess. The three entered an old-fashioned parlor, with nicknacks scat-



tered in its wilderness that made Selina start. Lionel drew a sheaf of papers from his pocket. He held out the endorsement for Selina to read, and he turned the gas up higher. John Burgess was a wise man and disappeared.

"It is the mortgage deed! Is the farm free? How have you done it? You have not drawn my money—you could not."

"No, I would not touch it, Selina; it is yours. You have earned it by looking after things when I was at school, and when I chose to play, and when I chose to be a fool. You are entitled to it, and in these days it is safest not put into a farm."

"How else could you do it?" Selina's voice was very stern, a hateful guess was setting her brain on fire. She remembered John Burgess's offer of assistance to this end long ago; she thought of his misplaced mirth this evening; she dreaded to hear that he was Lionel's creditor, and that the cup of her humiliation was full to overflowing.

Her brother was a poor story-teller. He wasted his dramatic effects by getting helter-skelter to the secret. It may be that the Selina of so many years of mastery overbore his courage for the last time.

"I saved it," he said, with a boyish air of confessing a fault.

"Saved it!" Selina echoed.

"Yes; what you thought I threw away was really in Westerton's Bank. It was my share, and I had a right to do what I pleased with it. You used to own that when I had my lectures. But, of course, that isn't all. It would not have totalled up to this in twice as many years. I am in debt to Lottie. She came in for a legacy from an uncle. And—and Lottie has promised to be my wife. It is—next week. I meant to have told you to-night when I returned. That was why I said I did not want to quarrel."

"Ah!" It was a single scornful breath. The woman opposite him was slowly realizing her defeat. She was stonily meeting the shock.

"You must not be angry, Selina. It

is your debt as well as mine to Lottie. I mean that Lottie saved me. It is quite true that I was fast, and growing reckless. You and I never understood each other. Lottie says so; and she is right. I went further astray the more you tightened the reins—you and father. Then Lottie came to us, and she made me different—wiser, I hope. When she went away I should have plunged worse than before if she had not written me such gentle little letters, all about what a noble sister I had and how I ought to value her. She would not give me a promise for a long, long time, not until I had reformed and proved it by showing her the banking account, and not until her own money came. Then she imagined that you would not object so much. But I would have married Lottie Glen or no one. This is her father's house. If I can find her may I bring her to you, Selina?"

It was never charged against Selina Chadwick that she was dense when quick-wittedness could bring her out of a dilemma. She saw the inevitable. It was much more that compunction, pricked, that it seemed possible that her methods were as mistaken as her theories, and that she began to be glad that where she had failed another had succeeded.

"Yes, Lottie was always—nice," she said.

But Lionel paused at the door. He came back with a quick step.

"There is something else," he said. "By the release of the mortgage I make no difference in the farm. We share and share there as long as you please, and by marrying Lottie I do not turn you out. I would not if I had the power. The house is quite large enough to make two. That can be arranged."

Again she said dreamily, yes.

Lottie came, a fair, shy girl, with love for Lionel and a touching admiration of his sister in her hazel eyes. All question as to her welcome passed away. Selina kissed her on either cheek.

"Keep—Lionel—straight," she said, repeating to herself, but so that they both heard, that old whisper of

the dying. Then she shifted sadness to a smile.

"I make over my unfinished task ; it is transferred."

John Burgess had found the pony. But Cherry Ripe was stabled at the Griffin for the night, and the master of Torlight so manœuvred that he drove Selina out of Spilsby as he had driven her in. He used his opportunity.

"Lionel has told me that five years ago I was dismissed through him—for his sake, Miss Chadwick. He only knew it very lately, I fancy. But he is to marry Miss Glen. When that happens, will it be the same? If I ask again, shall I be sent away again?"

It crowned the long list of Selina's surprises. Yet it was not wholly a surprise. She was a business woman, and it is no maxim of prudence to answer a delicate question before it is properly put.

"Perhaps you had better try, if you wish to," she said.

He took the advice. There has been no house division at Ruffle Down. Some people say that the mistress of Torlight is far less sure of her judgments than in earlier days.

W. J. LACEY.

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From The Nineteenth Century.  
CHRISTIANITY AND ROMAN PAGANISM.

THE purpose of this article is by no means that of endeavoring to define wherein the essence of Christianity consists, but merely to note certain characteristics which history shows us, by contrast, to have pertained to the essence of that religion. What these characteristics are may, I think, be learnt by considering some of the relations which arose between the early Church and the religions which, at its coming, it found established in the Roman Empire.

Such an inquiry has been greatly facilitated by the labors of M. Gaston Boissier (of the French Academy), whose works<sup>1</sup> the present writer

strongly recommends to all those who may be interested in the question here considered. M. Boissier shows us, with great wealth of illustration and abundant evidence, how the religious restoration inaugurated by Augustus went on augmenting during the first two centuries of our era, and how the results of that movement in part promoted, as they in part hindered, the progress of Christianity.

A review, then, of such characteristics of pagan religions as were directly hurtful or helpful to the Christian Church, as well as of those which, by defect, served indirectly to help it, may lead us to the apprehension of characters which pertained and pertain to the essence of that system.

Modern society is the direct descendant and outcome of the pagan Roman Empire. It is, therefore, the merits and defects of the ancient Roman religion, modified as it grew to be by successive Eastern influences, which for our present purpose have to be considered.

The early Romans were a serious, practical, and prosaic people, who, in spite of their bravery, were more given to fear than hope, and dreaded, as well as respected, the gods they scrupulously worshipped. Amongst these were some extremely matter-of-fact deities, such as Vaticanus, who caused the new-born infant to emit its first cry, and Fabulinus to pronounce its first word. Educa taught it to eat, and Potina to drink; Cuba watched over its repose, while four goddesses presided over its first footsteps.

Of such divinities there could hardly be separate histories or legends, and indeed, as we all know, Romans had not that tendency to humanize their gods which prevailed in Greece. Statues do not appear to have existed in their temples till they began to imitate, first the Etrurians and then more distant peoples. But when any event took place which was so remarkable as to seem to them "divine," a name was given and a worship initiated. Thus the Roman gods mainly arose as consequences of observation and analysis, and not through poetic enthusiasm.

<sup>1</sup> "La Religion Romaine" and "La Fin du Paganisme." Paris: Hachette et Cie.

It might seem that the government of a people so timid and scrupulous as regards the supernatural must have developed into a theocracy; and yet the very contrary took place. Powerful and respected as the Roman religion was, it was subject to, or rather incorporated with, the State. There was no incompatibility between civil and sacerdotal functions, and there was never any conflict between the government and the pagan Church, because the members of the various priesthoods were thoroughly imbued with lay sentiments.

Religion consisted in external acts of worship, which had to be carried out with a nice precision, with proper attitudes, due offerings, and correct formulæ. Therefore the worshipper of the gods was often careful to have two priests beside him when he prayed — one to dictate the words, while the other followed them with his eyes on a book, so that no syllable should be accidentally omitted.<sup>1</sup> Thus the priests were rather "masters of the ceremonies" than men endowed with a supernatural power of acting efficiently as intercessors.

There were no dogmas. Men's thoughts and beliefs were free, and only external acts were demanded of them. Even as to the priests themselves, though a certain gravity of demeanor was expected of an augur or a pontiff, neither his morals nor his beliefs were taken into account.

The object of most ancient religions was not to make men moral, but to obtain from powerful supernatural beings, by performing acts (good or bad) which pleased them, safety and succor for citizens and their city. Morality was not the business of religion, but of philosophy, and it was the special subject of the dominant philosophy of Rome. Religion was not moral, save that there was necessarily a certain goodness in practices performed, not

for any pleasure in them, but to obtain advantages from fellow-citizens. The Roman system was, in early days, a strict school of discipline, and co-existed with great simplicity of life.

The Greeks were greatly edified by the way in which religion was honored and practised at Rome, by the order and dignity of private life there, and by the intensity of Roman patriotism. The titles of Jupiter were "greatest and best," and Vesta was — as every one knows — a goddess of purity.

For the popularity and continuance of the Roman religion it was hardly less useful to be free of such ridiculous and immoral legends as those of the Greek mythology than to be devoid of dogma. Since Romans might think of the gods as they pleased, they were more easily able to reconcile with older notions and ancient practices, such new ideas as the advance of intellectual culture and foreign influences from time to time gave rise to. The fact that the gods were rather divine manifestations and deified abstractions than anything else, made it easy to regard them as symbols of different attributes of one all-embracing divinity; and thus it was that men of very different views could unite in the traditional acts of worship of the Roman State.

As the republic approached its end, the religion of Rome lost very much of its influence. Incredulity or indifference became the prevailing characteristics of the higher classes, who were saturated with Epicurean views. Even at the commencement of the empire Cæsar, before the Senate, boldly denied the immortality of the soul. What wonder that temples began to fall into ruin, that the domains of the gods were plundered by neighboring proprietors, that various ancient feasts ceased to be celebrated, and that an utter destruction of religion, through neglect, came to be anticipated.

Small chance of success would have attended Christianity had it appeared at Rome when Cicero wrote the following remarkable words: *Nolite enim id putare accidere posse, quod in fabulis sæpe videtis fieri, ut deus aliquis, lapsus*

<sup>1</sup> On the other hand the petitioner was very anxious not, by a verbal slip, to engage himself unwittingly to anything exceeding his intention — as, for example, when offering wine, not, by the omission of limiting words, to bind himself to sacrifice all the wine in his cellar.

*de cælo, cætus hominum adeat, versetur in terris, cum hominibus colloquatur.*<sup>1</sup>

This sentence may serve both to show the low-water mark to which belief in the supernatural had fallen, and the inopportune at that time of preaching the doctrine that God incarnate had not only recently conversed with men, but had been crucified for their salvation. How hateful such a notion would have been is shown by the fact that Cicero desired that even the name of the cross should be absent, not only from the ears and eyes of Roman citizens, but that it should be banished from their very thoughts.

The Christian era marks the commencement of that upward religious movement before spoken of as initiated by Augustus. The latter was a politic proceeding, whereby he sought to procure a support for his power, not to be obtained either from a decimated nobility or a populace which was already so largely composed of freedmen and strangers. It was also a popular movement, because it harmonized with a change produced in men's minds by the terrible trials society had undergone, and, with nations as with individuals, calamity very often tends to promote piety—a result temporarily brought about in France during, and after, the Franco-German war. But the movement was also due to the emperor's personal inclination, since he was so superstitious that the fact of his having accidentally put his right foot into his left slipper would disquiet him for a whole day. When he became Pontifex Maximus he followed most scrupulously all ritual exigencies, never wearing a garment that had not been woven for him either by his wife or his daughter.

He built new temples, rebuilt and redecored old ones, augmented sacerdotal privileges, and restored neglected festivals. As censor he also strove to reform public morals, promoting marriage and severely punishing adultery and outrages on public decency. He found Roman religion grateful for his

favours during his life, and when he died his apotheosis was decreed.

The movement he set on foot, as a reaction against the materialism and incredulity of the republic, may be compared with the "romanticism" which set in as a reaction against the horrors which marked the close of the eighteenth century. The writers of both epochs strove for an impossible ideal, and were alike full of contradictions, the spirit of their own day mingling with and modifying their laudations of times gone by.

Of the writers whom Augustus commissioned to revive a taste for antiquity, and for that rusticity whence Roman paganism took its rise, Virgil was by far the most remarkable. He is especially remarkable because (as our readers will recollect) his poetry sometimes assumes a Christian character. He is full of tenderness for human suffering (*sunt lacrymæ rerum*). He is humble before the gods, whose morality he proclaims: *Sperate Deos memores fœdæ atque nefandæ*; and when their decrees perplex him he exclaims, *Dis aliter visum!* Most remarkable of all is that well-known passage in his fourth eclogue beginning, *Jam nova progenies*, etc., which shows how he participated in the then widely diffused feeling that a time of crisis had arrived, which should renovate a worn-out world. This expectation was alike proclaimed by disciples of Pythagoras and of Plato, and thus poets and philosophers were most unsuspectingly preparing the way for Christianity by evolving from the old pagan world ideas and sentiments which facilitated its reception. Thanks to them it was becoming, as it were, desired before it was known, with the result that so many of the poor, the despised, the ill-treated, and the unhappy, who, with undefined hopes, were awaiting the realization of vague dreams, became, for the new faith, an easy conquest.

Virgil may be taken as a type of those religiously inclined persons who sincerely welcomed the religious revival. Their numbers gradually augmented after the death of Augustus,

<sup>1</sup> Do not think it possible that any god should come down from heaven (as is told in fables) to the earth, to mix and converse with men.

for the days of Tiberius and Caligula can have little disposed men to gaiety and frivolity.

Philosophy, as a whole, supported and developed the upward development Augustus had initiated, and it promoted the tendency towards monotheism. It was popularized by the theatre, where the rights of parent and child, husband and wife, master and slave were freely discussed, and moderation, humanity, and tenderness lauded. *Tum ego homo sum quam tu*, Plautus makes a slave say to his master.

The essential and substantial equality of men (as having the same origin and end) had, indeed, been proclaimed by Cicero, who taught that nothing so accords with a generous soul as benevolence and forgiveness, and that men should regard themselves as citizens of the world, and not of one city only.

For two hundred years these ideas developed themselves, and fructified in many practical ways, being greatly promoted, as the reader well knows, by the Stoic Seneca, many of whose notions were so congruous with Christianity (though others were extremely incongruous therewith) as to have given rise to the legend that he was a disciple of St. Paul. That there was a moral advance as time went on is shown us by the satires of Juvenal and the letters of Pliny. Horace advocates a good treatment of slaves as conduct befitting a gentleman, but Juvenal declares it to be the positive duty of all masters. Great was the contrast between the high esteem expressed under the empire for mothers who nursed their own children, and the brutal indifference to infancy of the days of the republic.

It would be a great mistake to suppose that pagan Rome did not know or did not practise almsgiving. Under the republic large sums were often disbursed to secure popularity and influence; but towards its close philosophy promoted a truly philanthropic, instead of an ostentatious and selfish, expenditure — to succor widows and orphans, to redeem captives, and bury the dead. From the beginning of the second century, State aid was bestowed monthly

on the children of poor families. When Antoninus lost his beloved but not very meritorious wife, Faustina, he founded in her honor a charitable institution for poor girls, who were termed *puellae Faustinae*. The example thus given was followed by private individuals, and Pliny made many a noble gift during his life, known to us through his not possessing the specially Christian virtue of concealing his own good deeds. A lady of Terracina gave 8,000*l*. to found an institution for poor children, and charitable legacies were not uncommon; and epitaphs were sometimes written which represented a dead man congratulating himself on having been merciful and a friend to the poor. A society largely animated by so benevolent a spirit was one prepared to appreciate Christian charity.

Such moral and religious progress was also accompanied by the practical redemption of the weaker sex from the rigors of Roman law. Those who imagine that the "emancipation of women" is a recent conquest would be much surprised to read many ancient inscriptions. They prove that women had the right of forming associations, the officers of which they freely elected. One of these bore the highly respectable title of "Society for Preservation of Modesty" — *Sodalitas pudicitiae servandae*. There was also, at Rome, a society which might be called a "mothers' meeting" — *Conventus matronarum*. It persisted till the ruin of the empire; many great ladies belonged to it and it performed important functions. At Rome, as elsewhere, it was the women who were, and were expected to be, devout, and they had an honorable and recognized share in public and private worship. In spite of the frequency of divorce the tendency of Roman religion was to make marriage indissoluble, and the most solemn form of it (*confurreatio*) could only be dissolved with extreme difficulty.

The slave world of Rome also felt the benefit of the upward religious movement. For the Roman religion not only did not close its temples against the slave but recognized that



he had a soul and that his future fate did not differ from that of his master. At the Saturnalia it allowed him to take his master's place and console himself by a day's sport for a year's humiliation, while, like philosophy, it favored emancipation.

Perhaps the most curious fact of Roman slavery was that rich slaves themselves possessed other slaves (*vicarii*), who gave their servile master the title *dominus*. The house of a wealthy Roman citizen was a perfect republic of slaves who had all sorts of complex interrelations. Thus, in one instance, the slaves belonging to the dining-room of a great house resolved to erect a statue to a superior slave who had been good to them, and their resolution reads like a decree of the Senate: *Ob merita et beneficia surpe in se collata statuam ponendam tricliniarios decreverunt*.

One amongst the ameliorations of their condition was the fact that marriage amongst them, at first in no way legal, came to receive a quasi-official recognition. But its incompleteness was still the occasion of many abuses. Thus amongst the inscriptions at Naples is one of a slave who records, as if it were nothing, that he had married his own sister. Others show that it was not uncommon for two men harmoniously to share a wife between them, at whose death the husbands would together mourn for her and combine to erect a tomb to her memory. Slavery had other more essential and ineradicable evils, not the least of which was the absence of any adequate protection for the children of slaves from the lusts of their masters.

The early Italians seem to have felt a great repugnance at the idea of annihilation, but definite belief in a future life was in the days of the republic far from universal, and the Epicurean philosophy was a welcome boon to many, as doing away with those fears of Tartarus which Lucretius taught it was above all necessary to banish. But a reaction soon set in, because the Epicurean doctrine, if it banished fear, also destroyed all hope beyond the

present life. Thus in the days of Augustus a belief in immortality had again become prevalent, and it naturally grew stronger with the religious advance of the first two centuries. But many inscriptions show that it was very vague, while some plainly deny it (*e.g.*, *Non fueram, non sum*), while others are of a very Epicurean character, as *Anici, dum vivimus vivamus*, and *Bibile vos qui vivilis*.

The great thought and care bestowed on funeral arrangements, however, plainly proclaim the widespread apprehension which existed not only of a purgatorial fire (*purgatorius ignis*), but of the horrors depicted in the sixth book of Virgil's *Æneid*, which have not been without their influence on Christian sentiments and beliefs.

The monuments which bordered the roads to Rome touchingly expressed how great was the desire that the dead should not be forgotten by the living, and tombs were often endowed to provide recompenses for those who brought libations or flowers, or who would feast near the ashes of the dead. It was specially desired that the passer-by should repeat the words, "May the earth lie lightly on thee," not as an empty formula, but as a prayer for the deceased's welfare in the lower world, for which sacrifices (which even slaves endeavored to procure) were also offered.

The poorer classes, in order that they might secure for themselves due funeral rites, formed associations, which, for such a purpose, were freely allowed, although for other purposes such institutions, for the most part, had been forbidden by Augustus. Such associations possessed either a common purse, supplied by contributions from the members and devoted to the performance of their funeral rites, or else a place for sepulture in common. Now these associations became most widely diffused when Christianity was beginning its hidden and secret propaganda, and the primitive Christians eagerly availed themselves of the freedom accorded to such societies.

But the way for Christianity was

largely prepared by the antecedent migration of other Eastern religions to Rome, in spite of the hostility and absolute prohibitions which they had, at first, there to encounter.

It was from ancient times a generally diffused belief that each state had at least one supernatural patron, whose power was manifested by the prosperity and power of his clients.

The Romans, who held their own gods in such high esteem, were not likely to despise the power of other divinities. Accordingly, when laying siege to any city, they practised a curious formula of evocation whereby they hoped to gain over that city's gods to their own side; and when a region was devastated, some families were left to carry on the worship of the local gods, and so save the victors from any effects of their hostility.

With such notions intolerance and a spirit of proselytism were incompatible. When a Roman travelled he was careful to adore local deities, without a thought of being thereby unfaithful to his own most powerful gods, who had made Rome the capital of the world.

This disposition of mind greatly facilitated conquest, since no religious rancor hindered the fusion of a new province with the rest of Rome's vast domain. Tolerance was further promoted by that tendency of philosophy (before mentioned) to consider the several worships of various deities as but so many different modes of adoring the same god—as the divine influence on the earth might be adored as Ceres, that of the sea as Neptune, and that of the heavens as Jupiter.

We have seen how laic was the spirit of Roman religion. But most, if not all, the religions from the East, assigned a much more important and mystical position to their priesthoods. Thus when a man desired to be initiated into the mysteries of Isis a priest served as his spiritual father, and had a claim for life on the gratitude of his spiritual son. Such priests were by no means contented with directing the externals of worship; they desired to "save souls," and to this end did what

was altogether new at Rome, actually preached sermons! Thus Apuleius represents a priest, after a miracle in the temple of Isis, declaiming against unbelievers as follows: "Let them approach, let them come and examine for themselves, and then confess their error." Then turning to the subject of such miraculous favor he is said to have exclaimed, "If thou wouldst dwell in security, inaccessible to the blows of fortune, enroll thyself in the Holy Militia; come voluntarily and bow thy head under the yoke of the sacred ministry. It is only when thou shalt be the slave of the goddess that thou wilt begin to experience what perfect freedom is."

Such priests devoted themselves exclusively to their sacred calling, glorying in detachment from the world and ordinary human affections, with definite rules of life, and wearing a distinctive habit.

Eastern religions became more and more influential with the Antonines, and attained a triumphal position under Severus. Processions wended their way through the streets of Rome, sometimes of black-robed priests of Bellona, tearing their flesh and dancing like modern dervishes; sometimes of priests of Isis in snow-white linen robes and with tonsured heads.

One great advantage pertained to these Eastern religions—namely, the pardons they could grant in return for ceremonial observances. Gladly did trembling sinners practise fastings, offer sacrifices, and scatter their wealth profusely, in order thereby effectually to disarm divine justice.

There were priestly brotherhoods in Egypt which inhabited temples, and, rejecting all active employment, consecrated their lives to worship and devout contemplation. Their movements were grave and measured; they kept their hands folded within their mantles, and slept on palm leaves, with a block of wood for a pillow, abstaining from wine and various kinds of food. Such a monastic institution existed at Memphis, the strictly enclosed members of which called themselves "servants of Se-

rapis." There were pagan anchorites in Egypt who, one hundred and fifty years before Christ, anticipated the Christian recluses of the Thebaid. Such institutions evidently accorded with the genius of the nation.

Similarly in Syria pilgrims came by thousands not only to adore the famed goddess Astarte, but also to assist at the functions performed by her priests.

Twice a year one of them ascended to the summit of an enormous phallus, where he remained seven days and nights without sleeping, making intercession for the devotees, who deposited their offerings at the base of the structure on which he thus dwelt—strange anticipation, as far as externals went, of the peculiar devotional practices of St. Simeon Stylites and the other pillar saints of Syria!

In the Eastern religions, however details might vary, the special subject of religious excitement was generally a legend of the death and resurrection of some god—as Osiris, mourned by Isis; Adonis, by Astarte; or the great mother seeing the beauteous Athis expire in her arms. To mourning, plaintive or tumultuous, succeeded explosions of joy on all sides, with groans and tears, when at length were heard the mystic words, "He is regained; let us rejoice!"

It was especially in Egypt that exciting public worship took place within the temples, such as long had no place in those of Rome. But the Eastern influence extended by degrees even to the very worship of Jupiter at the Capitol. His temple was solemnly opened for his "awakening," and as soon as the entering crowd perceived his image in the distance they cried out, *Salve, imperator!* All day long devotees performed, or pretended to perform, services of the most varied kinds to the greatest and best of gods. There were women who even flattered themselves that they could gain his love, and who would pass whole days seated beneath his statue without any fear of Juno's anger.

But while foreign religions had thus their effect on that of Rome, the latter

reacted upon them by promoting calmness and sobriety with exactness of ritual observance. Thus with the great fusion of races which the empire brought about, its tolerant, non-proselytizing spirit also brought about a vast religious fusion. So it was that a sort of pagan Catholic Church spread and diffused itself throughout the civilized world. It can, however, only by courtesy be called a "Church," since it had no common dogmas, no universal discipline, no means (nor any desire) of enforcing conformity and obedience to a supreme religious authority. Still it constituted a sort of religious *pax romana*; it broadened the road of Christianity, and especially prepared the way for its effective organization.

As Rome became a residence for all strange gods, it also became both the religious capital of the world and its religious centre. It became, and was called, the "Holy City" and the "Eternal City;" and so, when Christianity ultimately triumphed, it still retained those titles, and became naturally, as well as for other reasons, regarded as the religious capital of the Christian world.

Only two religions were excused from the otherwise almost universal toleration of paganism—namely, Judaism and Christianity. Fathers of the Church have complained of this, yet somewhat unreasonably; for the concord which existed between the various pagan forms resulted from their willingness to make reciprocal concessions. This neither Jews nor Christians would, nor could, consent to; and they had naturally to take the consequences. Yet peace was offered to them on the same conditions as to others. The pagans were ready to recognize in Jehovah their own Jupiter or Bacchus, and not a few were willing to keep the Sabbath and observe Jewish fasts and feasts. There were also some Jews, like Herod, who would not have regretted such mutual understandings; but the mass of the nation repelled them with horror, and thereby incurred bloody persecutions, wherein thousands lost their lives, and furious

hatred against them arose, which only ceased when they associated themselves with the pagans to persecute Christianity.

The Christians, as every one knows, were also offered what were deemed favorable terms, and little difficulty would have been felt in the acceptance of Christ as one god more, and (as readers will remember) his image had its place in the private chapel of the Emperor Alexander Severus, beside those of Orpheus and Apollonius. But no consistent Christian could tolerate idolatry even to the extent of scattering a few grains of incense on the altars either of the Goddess of Rome or of the Genius of the Emperor. Such a spirit of exclusiveness was a new thing to the pagans and naturally appeared disloyal to the Romans and opposed to the very essence of "civism."

The limited space at my disposal compels me to pass over much I would fain say as to Roman paganism, and to proceed at once, from this brief record of facts, to sum up those of its characters which most opposed, or directly or indirectly aided, the Christian system.

(1) It was the identification of the Roman religion with the State which was, perhaps, the most powerful of all hostile influences, while closely connected therewith was the lay spirit of its various priesthoods. Since no character which was baneful to the progress of Christianity could possibly have pertained to its essence, the identification of temporal with spiritual ends and aims could not be an essential character of Christianity, but must be more or less completely opposed thereto.

Later on (as we have seen) the Eastern religions introduced another spirit, and one more in harmony with the growing religious needs of the pagans of the first two centuries. This change, however, instead of favoring Christianity, indirectly impeded it. It did so inasmuch as it occasioned a rejuvenescence of paganism, and enabled it (by imperfectly ministering to those growing religious needs which only Christianity could completely satisfy)

to prolong its life by acting as a rival to the Christian system.

(2) The non-moral nature of paganism generally must have gained it the support of those least disposed to conform to ethical requirements, and so aided the direct opposition to Christianity; while the moral amelioration introduced by philosophy, like the just mentioned religious rejuvenescence, must have indirectly opposed it by the more successful rivalry thus occasioned. That morality is of the very essence of Christianity is a fact which no one will probably for one moment question.

(3) That Roman religion consisted merely of ceremonial observances, and was devoid of dogma on the whole, greatly facilitated (as we have seen) its general acceptance and maintenance, and so far was one great barrier against Christian progress. Such a character of mere formality and such repugnance to dogma could not, therefore, pertain to the essence of Christianity.

(4) The growth of and tendency towards monotheism, imperfect as it was,<sup>1</sup> cannot have acted as a hostile influence, save in so far as it may have lent some strength to pagan rivalry.

(5) The existence of slavery on the one hand, and the improved condition of the female sex on the other, had doubtless effects, both direct and indirect, of an unfavorable character; but we do not see evidence that they necessarily predominated over other of their effects which were favorable.

We will now pass on to enumerate characters which appear to us to have, directly or indirectly, helped the reception and progress of the Christian Church.

(1) And in the first place the whole upward religious movement, which, after its initiation by Augustus, continued to advance during the first two

<sup>1</sup> Thus the devotees of various gods often regarded their particular god as the only one, for which all the others were but different names or different aspects. This was especially the case with Jupiter and Isis, and also with Cybele, and Mithra—who was ultimately so widely adored. But the assertion that a given god was God *par excellence*, was very different from a dogmatic assertion of the essential unity of the Divine Nature.

centuries, served as a most important, if not absolutely indispensable, direct auxiliary.

(2) That state of mental expectation (before referred to in connection with Virgil) must have disposed many a mind to accept the Christian revelation.

(3) The fact that paganism, in spite of all the efforts of philosophy, could not succeed in purging its religion of immorality, was one of the most powerful of the causes which induced its overthrow. Besides sexual impurities, human sacrifices, in spite of all laws, from time to time recurred, and the beauty and fashion of Rome would make a gay excursion to behold a newly installed priest of that priesthood composed exclusively of murderers which Renan has so graphically depicted.

(4) The formal and undogmatic characters of Roman religion, though (as we have just seen) they had these adverse influences, none the less greatly aided the Christian advance; for there were multitudes of men and women who craved for more definite religious knowledge and for more hearty and spiritual worship.

To such the various "mysteries" and Eastern religions afforded some solace, but M. Boissier gives us evidence that they were far from satisfying the cravings felt. Nothing was, perhaps, more difficult for paganism than the formulation of dogmas, except the formation of, say, a general and complete authoritative system. The latter, indeed, may be said to have been absolutely impossible to it. There were many who desired a religious yoke, but none—Jews and Christians apart—who could consistently impose it. Besides this defect, philosophy made no sufficient efforts to enlighten and instruct the people, and great was the contrast, in this respect, between both pagan priests and philosophers, and the early preachers of the Gospel. These deficiencies in worship, dogma, and instruction, gave great indirect aid to the progress of Christianity.

(5) The imperfection (already noted) of the attempts made to attain to

monotheism must also have indirectly, by contrast and defect, served to help on the Christian cause.

(6) The increased power and influence of the devout sex was of immense benefit to the nascent Church, which was also largely recruited by the servile class, whose very disabilities tended to make them seek its comfort and moral support.

(7) One of the most powerful impulses towards the Christian religion seems to have been due to that combined anxiety and uncertainty about a future life which was so prevalent in the Roman world. Without dogma believed to be certain, because reposing upon an infallible revelation, no adequate consolation for the trials and afflictions of this life can possibly be offered.

Such, if we are not greatly mistaken, were the main influences which opposed or favored the advance of Christianity. It only remains for us to note certain contrasts between the last-named religion and the system it found existing in the world, in order to be able to determine one or two characteristics which we think must be admitted to pertain to the essence of Christianity.

That great, non-contentious, incoherent religious mass which, by a somewhat forced comparison, we have termed the "pagan Church" was entirely devoid of a definite, universally received system of belief, the same for the cultured and the ignorant, without any distinction of esoteric and exoteric views. Even that which seemed the most stable and definite system of thought—that of the Stoics—was such only in appearance. The Stoics were agreed neither as to the immortality of the soul nor as to the nature of God, who was for some the sun, for others the ether, and for yet others nothing but the material world itself.

Philosophy had proposed and attempted to answer the most important problems, but had left them unresolved. The religious revival had excited pious desires and aspirations without affording them any solid satis-



faction. The emperor was Pontifex Maximus, and worshipped while alive as well as after death. Yet, though Roman religion was identified with him, he was as impotent as undesirous to settle any fundamental beliefs for his people's hearty and conscientious acceptance, though of course he could enforce external ceremonial. There was universal toleration precisely because there was a universal impotence for establishing any certain and dogmatic truth. The toleration of such a Church was but negative, and consisted in the non-insistence universally of beliefs which were locally deemed of most vital importance. Its Catholicity was similarly spurious and negative and depended on the non-universal acceptance of what were locally regarded as the most sacred of religious truths.

Contrasting with this nebulous religious system the nascent Christian Church; two of its characteristics stand out in the most striking contrast. They are (1) an organic catholicity, and (2) authoritative dogmatism — not only as to outward acts but also as to complete internal assent and belief. As to its catholicity, the same fundamental doctrines — however small their number compared with the explicit possessions of later ages — were everywhere taught and received. Neither was there any distinction of esoteric and exoteric teaching. The Church either of Rome, Jerusalem, Egypt, or transalpine Gaul did not admit to communion members of any other local Church which denied the doctrines (whether of Rome, Jerusalem, Egypt, or Gaul) held to be the most sacred of all. It was a real catholicity, inasmuch as it depended on the universal acceptance of what was most revered in each and every province of the empire. It was catholic also, because it had no limit as to nationality, and was the offspring of no local cultus in any city, while it was freely offered to the citizens of every city, to the inhabitants of every province of the empire, and to the world beyond the empire. No competent scholar denies that at the close of the second century such a catholic Church

gives evidence of at least its incipient existence.

This character of "catholicity" can hardly be denied to be one pertaining to the essence of the Christian Church long before it mounted the throne with Constantine.

But its catholicity depended on another character still more essential and fundamental, and yet more contrasted with the nature of the so-called pagan Church.

This still more fundamental character was that of authoritative dogmatism. To all men a doctrine was preached, and assent to its teaching was categorically demanded. No external acts, no ceremonial observances, were deemed of the slightest value without the interior assent of the mind and the adhesion of the will to that doctrine. Moreover, the Christian religion did not consist of religious doctrines or of religious practices, but of two facts, the acceptance of which, as facts, was indispensable and imperative: (1) one of them was the fact of the founder's life, death, and resurrection; the other (2) was the fact of an organized community which authoritatively handed down and interpreted the tradition of that founder's teaching, with power to add to or exclude from the Christian body, although membership of that body was taught to be a necessary condition of life everlasting.

Quite recently it has been shown, by an authority who cannot be accused of any ultra-orthodox tendency, how authoritative and distinctly dogmatic was the early Church, and how great was the influence of the authority of Christian Rome. Dr. Adolph Harnack<sup>1</sup> has given the early creed of the Roman Church as follows: —

I believe in God the Father Almighty, and in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son, our Lord, who was born of the Holy Ghost and the Virgin Mary, crucified and buried under Pontius Pilate, who rose on the third day from the dead, and ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of the Father, from whence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead; and I in the

<sup>1</sup> See *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1893, p. 158.

Holy Ghost, the Holy Church, the forgiveness of sins, and the resurrection of the flesh.

This Roman confession Dr. Harnack regards<sup>1</sup> as having been "in all cases the foundation stone" whence the various provincial Churches satisfied their several needs according to their different circumstances. He roundly declares that "the creed of the city of Rome governed the whole creed-formation of the West;" and he further tells us<sup>2</sup> that "the various anti-Gnostic rules of faith presuppose a short, settled, formulated creed, and this must, in the second century, have been the old Roman creed."

As to the precise period at which its existence must be admitted — the minimum of its antiquity — he regards it<sup>3</sup> as certainly dating from "the middle of the second century," and affirms that it can be traced "*on direct lines*" to the second half of the third. But no one will probably dispute that if such a creed was a recognized authoritative baptismal symbol as early as 250 A.D. it is impossible to believe that it could have grown up in fifty years; and thus it plainly comes within the range of the period considered in this article — namely, the two first centuries of our era.

But as to the character of the early Roman Church and our indebtedness thereto, Dr. Harnack says: —

Whoever turns from the perusal of the Apostolic Fathers and the Christian apologists to the Old Roman confession cannot but render a meed of grateful admiration to the Roman Church for the act of faith which she has here made in her baptismal creed. If we consider with what strange and curious notions the Gospel was already at this time often associated, in what a meagre spirit it was often conceived, and how Chiliasm and Apocalypics on the one hand, and legalism and Greek philosophy on the other threatened to destroy the simplicity of Christ, the Old Roman creed will seem to us doubly great and venerable.<sup>4</sup>

Considering, then, the contrast presented by the Christian religion to that of pagan Rome, the most striking and essential distinctions appear to be those herein pointed out. Christianity is essentially moral; but morality — and high morality — was also introduced into paganism by teachers of philosophy.

Christianity taught the doctrine of a Divine Sonship and Incarnation; but analogous views were common in various pagan forms of religion. It taught also the resurrection of a divine sufferer; but that, in other shapes, was the accepted belief of multitudes.

It taught contempt for honors, riches, and worldly pleasures; but the same was taught by the Stoics and the Cynics.

It propagated its creed without the aid of, and in opposition to, the Roman State; but many Oriental religions did the same thing. Thus it appears to me that the two most striking differences between paganism and Christianity — differences, therefore, which must be held to be most essential — were the possession by the Christian Church of (1) catholicity and (2) authority. Such authority also, when it first appears on the field of history, shows itself, as it were, crystallizing round the person at the head of the Roman Church — as was natural, for the Romans were the born legislators and governors of the world.

But if the most apparent of all the distinctions between paganism and Roman Christianity in its earliest period are catholicity and authority, what is the distinctive character of that Christianity to-day? We have still a Church which differs from all other religious bodies by the same two essential marks, (1) catholicity and (2) authority, and which is unquestionably the direct and uninterrupted descendant of the primitive Church at Rome. Other religious bodies may share with it this or the other group of doctrines or of practices, but there is not one other which dares to affirm that it *alone* is catholic, and that it *alone* possesses *absolute* dogmatic authority. The Church also

<sup>1</sup> See *Nineteenth Century* for July, 1893, p. 162.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 167.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 162.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 175.

which solely asserts these claims is now, as in the second century, the Church of the Roman communion, and regards with respect and deference the Roman pontiff.

There are persons who presume to apply the term "Italian mission" to the English Church in communion with Rome, as if that term was a term of opprobrium, or at least denoted some inferiority of status. But the members of that Church glory in such a title, and declare that it is by God's unmerited mercy they have the inexpressible privilege of being *Roman Catholics*. They are an Italian mission, and the aims of that mission they strive to fulfil. I am far, indeed, from feeling any desire for the destruction of the Anglican Church. I recognize the important and beneficent rôle it fulfils, and have the highest respect for many of its ministers. My recollection of its action in my own regard demands my gratitude. Nevertheless the duty to bear witness to truth admits of no compromise. I feel, therefore, compelled to call my readers' attention to the fact that there was *another* Italian mission, that of St. Augustine, whence arose the English Church as it existed till the reign of Henry the Eighth. Up to the year 1534 its prelates and priests had also dutifully striven to fulfil the Italian mission they had received, but then they shamefully abandoned it, setting aside, *in despite of authority*, that Church organization they had themselves ever regarded as essential,<sup>1</sup> thus also cutting themselves off from the other character of catholicity.

Thus both the Anglican Church and the English Roman Church were "Italian missions," but they differ essentially in the fact that the former was and is, while the latter is not, faithful to its mission.

We must now, in conclusion, say a

<sup>1</sup> Thus Archbishop Courtenay in the Archiepiscopal Commission of 1382, wherein seven bishops (one of them William of Wykeham), with thirty-seven leading theologians, co-operated, declared the doctrine that the English Church should exist under its own laws, and not subject to the pope, to be an *heretical* proposition. See the *Tablet*, August 26, 1893, p. 327.

few words as to the positive influence of antecedent paganism on the Christianity which sprang up amongst it. As most of my readers probably know, M. Ernest Havet, in his work "*Le Christianisme et ses Origines*," endeavors to show that Christianity was nothing more than the natural, inevitable outcome of the mingling of Hellenism and Judaism with Roman life under the conditions existing at the time. This M. Boissier entirely denies.<sup>2</sup> He admits that it developed under favorable (the theist must term them "providential") circumstances, as we have here endeavored to show, and it can hardly be denied that it came at the very moment most profitable for its success. As Prudentius says:—

Christo jam tum venienti,  
Crede, parata via est.

Christianity profited by its environment, but was not thereby generated. That system (as shown, for example, in St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans) is as radically distinct from Hellenism as from Roman paganism, and carried forward to an otherwise impossible consummation the reforms and religious ameliorations which arose in the pagan world. But, as we have said,<sup>3</sup> philosophy and religion had raised questions which they could not solve, and aspirations they could not satisfy, while complete solution and abundant satisfaction were afforded to those who accepted the Christian faith.

Judaism was the dawn which announced the near advent of the "Sun of Justice," but the fulfilment of its law was only accomplished by breaking away from what was its central principle, as Judaism. The essence of Christianity, as we have seen, consisted for one thing in its catholicity; but Judaism was, and is, essentially a *racial* religion, and therefore incapable of universal extension. It was also too devoid of dogma to fulfil the requirements of that age, since it consisted in little more than the assertion of God's unity and the fact that the Jews were

<sup>2</sup> Vol. II., p. 400.

<sup>3</sup> Ante, p. 12.

his chosen people. Every Jew will admit that their sacred formula, "Hear, O Israel; the Lord thy God is one God," contains the essence of Judaism.

As to Hellenism, that it also contributed its share to the development of Christianity no reasonable man would wish to deny. The Christian Church, as it exists in the concrete in every region of the world's surface, receives, and must receive, modifications from its environment; but accidental modification and essential transformation are very different things.

We have seldom been so forcibly impressed with the way in which an author's prejudices can distort his judgment, as in our perusal of M. Havet's work. His ignorance of the Christian Church is also curious. He represents it as claiming that its rites and ceremonies and its pious practices are due to special and extraordinary revelations, instead of having arisen as acts responding to and supplying natural human wants. He details a number of pagan customs to which a variety of Christian mediæval customs conform, and he, with almost incredible absurdity, represents the latter as having directly followed from the former. But every tyro of ecclesiastical history knows that a long interval intervened between the cessation of such pagan customs and the development of analogous Christian ones. It would be as absurd to believe in a direct filiation, instead of a mere relation of analogy between such practices, as to believe that the pillar of St. Simeon Stylites was a mere imitation of the long antecedent one of the priest of Astarte. As in the organic world we continually meet with (as it has been my special function to point out) the "independent origin of similar structures," so also in the domain of human history we continually meet with "the independent origin of similar customs." This circumstance needs no elaborate theory for its explanation; it follows, as it might be expected to follow, from the simple fact that there is a great deal of human nature in every one of us.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

From The National Review.

#### THE DAY OF SILENCE.

FOR a week the midday thermometer had marked eighty or more in the shade. Golden weather for those who could lie and watch the lazy breakers on a rocky shore, or tread the turf of deep woodland, or drink from the pebbled stream in some mountain glen. But the by-ways of Southwark languished for a cloud upon the sun, for a cooling shower, or a breath from its old enemy, the east. The cry of fretful children sounded ceaselessly. Every window was wide open; women who had nothing to do lounged in the dusk of doorways and in arched passages, their money all gone in visits to the public house. Ice-cream men found business at a standstill; it was Friday, and the youngsters' ha'pence had long ago come to an end. Laborers who depended upon casual employment chose to sleep through the thirsty hours rather than go in search of jobs; a crust of bread served them for a meal. They lay about in the shadowed spots, shirt and trousers their only costume, their shaggy heads in every conceivable attitude of repose.

Where the sun fell, the pavement burned like an oven floor. An evil smell hung about the butchers' and the fish shops. A public house scented a whole street with alcoholic fumes; from sewer-grates rose a miasma that caught the breath. People who bought butter from the little dealers had to carry it away in a saucer, covered with a piece of paper which in a few moments turned oily dark. Rotting fruit, flung out by costermongers, offered a dire regale to little ragamuffins prowling like the cats and dogs. Babies' bottles were choked with thick-curdling milk, and sweets melted in grimy little hands.

Among the children playing in a court deep down by Southwark Bridge was one boy, of about seven years old, who looked healthier and sweeter than most of his companions. The shirt he wore had been washed a week ago, and rents in it had obeyed the needle. His mother-made braces supported a pair

of trousers cut short between the knee and ankle, evidently shaped out of a man's garment. Stockings he dispensed with; but his boots were new and strong. Though he amused himself vigorously, he seemed to keep cool; his curly hair was not matted with perspiration, like that of the other youngsters; the open shirt—in this time of holiday coat and waistcoat were put away to be in good condition when school began again—showed a body not ill-nourished; and his legs were of sturdy growth. A shouting, laughing, altogether noisy little chap. When his shrill voice rang out, it gave his playmates the word of command; he was ready, too, with his fists when occasion offered. You should have seen him standing with arms a-kimbo, legs apart, his round little head thrown back and the brown eyes glistening in merriment. Billy Burden, they called him. He had neither brother nor sister—a fortunate thing, as it enabled his parents to give him more of their love and their attention than would have been possible if other mouths had clamored for sustenance. Mrs. Burden was very proud of him, and all the more decent women in the court regarded Billy with affectionate admiration. True, he had to be kept in order now and then, when he lost his temper and began to punch the heads of boys several years older than himself; but his frank, winsome face soon overcame the anger of grown-up people.

His father, Solomon Burden by name, worked pretty regularly at a wharf on the Middlesex side, and sometimes earned as much as a pound a week. Having no baby to look after, his mother got a turn of work as often as possible, chiefly at warehouse-cleaning and the like. She could trust little Billy to go to school and come home at the right time; but holidays, when he had to spend the whole day out of doors, caused her some anxiety, for the child liked to be off and away on long explorations of unknown country—into Lambeth, or across the river to the great London streets, no distance tiring him. Her one fear was lest he

should be run over. To-day he had promised to keep well within reach of home, and did so. At Mrs. Burden's return from a job in Waterloo Road he was found fast asleep on the landing. She bent over him, and muttered words of tenderness as she wiped his dirty face with her apron.

Of course, they had only one room—an attic just large enough to hold a bed, a table, and Billy's little mattress down on the floor in a corner. Their housekeeping was of the simplest: a shelf of crockery, two saucepans, and a frying-pan supplied Mrs. Burden with all she needed for the preparation of meals. Apparel was kept in a box under the bed, where also was the washing-basin. Up to a year ago they had had a chest of drawers; but the hard winter had obliged them to part with this.

When Mrs. Burden unlocked and opened the door, the air within was so oppressive that she stood for a moment and drew a deep breath. The sound of the key wakened Billy, who sprang up joyfully.

"Ain't it been 'ot again, mummy!" the boy exclaimed. "There was a 'bus-horse fell dead. Ben Wilkins seen it!"

"I a'most feel as if I could drop myself," she answered, sinking upon the bed. "There ain't no hair to breathe; I wish we wasn't under the roof."

She stood up again and felt the ceiling—it was some six inches above her head.

"My gracious alive! It's fair bakin'."

"Let me feel—let me feel!"

She lifted him in her arms, and Billy proved for himself that the plaster of the ceiling was decidedly warm. Nevertheless, a fire had to be lighted to boil the kettle. Father might come home any moment, and he liked his cup of tea.

As she worked about, the woman now and then pressed a hand to her left side, and seemed to breathe with difficulty. Sweat-drops hung thick upon her face, which was the color of dough. On going down-stairs to draw



water for the kettle she took a quart jug, and after filling this she drank almost the whole of it in one long draught. It made her perspire still more freely; moisture streamed from her forehead as she returned to the upper story, and on arriving she was obliged to seat herself.

"Do you feel bad, mummy?" asked the child, who was accustomed to these failings of strength when his mother came home from a day's work.

"I do, Billy, awful bad; but it'll go in a minute. Put the kettle on,—there's a good boy."

She was a woman of active habits, in her way a good housewife, loving moderate cleanliness and a home in order. Naturally, her clothing was coarse and begrimed; she did the coarsest and grimest of work. Her sandy hair had thinned of late; it began to show the scalp in places. There was always a look of pain on her features, and her eyes were either very glassy or very dull. For thirty years—that is, since she was ten years old—struggle with poverty had been the law of her life, and she remained victorious; there was always a loaf in the house, always an ounce of tea; her child had never asked in vain for the food demanded by his hearty appetite. She did not drink; she kept a guard upon her tongue in the matter of base language; esteemed comely by her equals she had no irregularity of behavior wherewith to reproach herself. Often enough at variance with her husband, she yet loved him; and Billy she loved more.

About seven o'clock the father came home; he clumped heavily up the stairs, bent his head to pass the doorway, and uttered a good-natured growl as he saw the table ready for him.

"Well, Bill, bwoy, can you keep warm?"

"Sh' think so," the child answered. "Mummy's bad again with the 'eat. There ain't no air in this bloomin' 'ouse."

"Kick a 'ole in the roof, old chap."

"Wish I could!"

Solomon flung off his coat, and turned up the sleeves of his shirt.

The basin, full of water, awaited him; he thrust his great head into it and made a slop over the floor. Thereat Mrs. Burden first looked, then spoke, wrathfully. As his habit was, her husband retorted, and for a few minutes they wrangled. But it was without bitterness, without vile abuse. Domestic calm as understood by the people who have a whole house to themselves is impossible in a Southwark garret; Burden and his wife were regarded by the neighbors, and rightly, as an exemplary pair; they never came to blows, never to curses, and neither of them had ever been known to make a scene in public.

Burden had a loud, deep voice; whether he spoke angrily or gently, he could be heard all over the house and out in the court. Impossible for the family to discuss anything in private. But, like all their neighbors, they accepted such a state of things as a matter of course. Everybody knew all about everybody else; the wonder was when nothing disgraceful came to listening ears.

"Say, Bill," remarked the man, when he had at length sat quietly down to his tea, "how would you like to go in a boat to-morrow afternoon?"

"Shouldn't I just!"

"Old Four-arf is goin' to have a swim," Burden explained to his wife; "wants me to go with him; and I feel it 'ud do me good, weather like this. Bunker's promised him a boat at Blackfriars Bridge. Shall I take the kid?"

Mrs. Burden looked uneasy, and answered sharply.

"What's the good o' asking when you've spoke of it before the boy?"

"Well, why shouldn't I take him? You might come along, too; only we're a-goin' to strip, up beyond Chelsea."

This was kindness, and it pacified the wife.

"I couldn't go before six," she said.

"What's the job?"

"Orfices near St. Bride's—Mrs. Robins wants 'elp; she sent her Sally over to me this mornin'. It'll be an all-day job; eighteenpence for me."

"Bloomin' little, too. You ain't fit for it this weather."

"I'm all right."

"No; you ain't. Billy just said as you'd been took bad, an' I can see it in yer eyes. Have a day at 'ome, mother."

"Don't you go sidgetin' about me. Take Billy, if you like; but just be careful. No puttin' of him into the water."

"Tain't likely."

"Cawn't I bathe, dad?" asked Billy.

"Course you cawn't. We're goin' to swim in the middle of the river, Jem Pollock an' me—where it's lawful deep, deep enough to drown you fifty times over."

"The other boys go bathin'," Billy remonstrated.

"Dessay they do," cried his mother; "but you won't—so you know! If you want for to bathe, arst Mrs. Crowther to lend you her washin'-tub, and fill it with water. That won't do you no 'arm, and I don't mind if you make a bit of a splash, s'long as you don't wet the bed through."

After all, it was a home, a nesting-place of human affections—this attic in which the occupants had scarcely room to take half-a-dozen steps. Father, mother, and child, despite the severing tendency of circumstances, clung together about this poor hearth, the centre of their world. In the strength of ignorance, they were proof against envy; their imaginations had never played about the fact of social superiority, which, indeed, they but dimly understood. Burden and his wife would have been glad, now and then, of some addition to the weekly income; beyond that they never aspired. Billy, when he had passed the prescribed grades of school, would begin to earn money; it did not much matter how; only let the means be honest. To that the parents looked forward with anticipation of pride. Billy's first wages! It would warm their hearts to see the coins clutched in his solid little fist. For this was he born, to develop thews and earn wages.

It did not enter into their conception of domestic happiness to spend the evening at home, sitting and talking together. They had very little to say; their attachment was not vocal. Besides, the stifling heat of the garret made it impossible to rest here until the sun had long set. So, when tea was finished, Billy ran down again into the street to mingle with his shouting comrades; Mrs. Burden found a seat on the doorstep, where she dozed awhile, and then chatted with bare-armed women; and Solomon sauntered forth for his wonted stroll "round the 'ouses." At ten o'clock the mother took a jug to the neighboring beer-house and returned with a "pot"—that is to say, a quart—of "four ale," which she and Solomon drank for supper. The lad was lying sound asleep on his mattress, naked but for the thin shirt which he wore day and night; the weather made bed-clothes a superfluity.

Saturday morning showed a change of sky. There were clouds about, and a wind blew as if for rain. At half past six Solomon was ready to start for work; Billy still slept, and the parents subdued their voices lest they should wake him.

"If it's wet," said Mrs. Burden, "you won't go on the river, will you?"

"Not if it's thorough wet. Leave the key with Billy, and if we go you'll find it on the top of the door."

He set forth as usual; as he had done any day these eight years, since their marriage. Word of parting seemed unnecessary. He just glanced round the room, and with bent head passed on to the landing. His wife did not look after him; she was cutting bread and butter for Billy. Solomon thought only of the pleasant fact that his labor that day ended at one o'clock, and that in the afternoon he would perhaps have a swim. Mrs. Burden, who had suffered a broken night, looked forward with dreary doggedness to ten hours or more of scrubbing and cleaning, which would bring in eightpence. And little Billy slept the sleep of healthy childhood.

By midday the clouds had passed, but the heat of the sun was tempered; broad light and soft western breeze made the perfection of English summer. This Saturday was one of the golden days of a year to be long remembered.

When he came home from work, Solomon found Billy awaiting him all eagerness. They went up to the attic, and ate some dinner which Burden had brought in his pocket—two penny-worth of fried fish and potatoes, followed by bread and cheese. A visit to the public house, where Billy drank from his father's pewter, and they were ready to start for Blackfriar's Bridge, where Solomon's friend, Jem Pollock—affectionately known by the name of his favorite liquor, "Four-half"—had the use of a boat belonging to one Thomas Bunker, a lighterman. It was not one of the nimble skiffs in which persons of a higher class take their pleasure upon the Thames, but an ungainly old tub, propelled by heavy oars. Solomon and his friend, of course, knew that the tide would help them upwards; it wanted about an hour to flood. He was a jovial fellow, this Jem Pollock, unmarried, and less orderly in his ways of life than Sol Burden; his nickname did him no injustice, for whenever he had money he drank. A kindly temper saved him from the worst results of this bibulous habit; after a few quarts of ale he was at his best, and if he took more it merely sent him to sleep. When Solomon and Billy found him on the stairs at the south side of the bridge he had just taken his third pint since dinner, and his red, pimply face beamed with contentment.

"Come along there!" he roared from below. "Brought that bloomin' big son of yours for ballast, Sol?"

"He can steer, can Bill."

"He won't 'ave a chawnc. There ain't no bloomin' rudder on this old ship."

Billy stepped into the boat, and his father followed; but their friend was not yet ready to depart. The cause of his delay appeared when a lad came

running down the stairs with a big jar and a tin mug.

"You don't s'pose I'm a-goin' without a drop o' refreshment," Pollock remarked. "It's water, this is; the best supplied by the Lambeth Water Company. I've took the pledge."

This primitive facetiousness helped them merrily off. Billy sat in the stern; the men each took an oar; they were soon making good way towards Westminster.

Their progress was noisy; without noise they could not have enjoyed themselves. The men's shouts and Billy's shrill pipe were audible on either bank. Opposite the Houses of Parliament they exchanged abusive pleasantries with two fellows on a barge; bellowing was kept up until the whole distance between Lambeth Bridge and that of Westminster taxed their lungs. At Vauxhall Jem Pollock uncorked his jar and poured out a mugful of tawny ale, vastly to the boy's delight, for Billy had persisted in declining to believe that the vessel contained mere water. All drank. Solomon refused to let Billy have more than half a mug; to the scorn of Jem Pollock, who maintained that four-ale never did anything but good to man, woman, or babe.

At Chelsea the jar was again opened. This time Pollock drank an indefinite number of mugs, and Solomon all but quarrelled with him for continuing to tempt Billy. The child had swallowed at least a pint, and began to show the effect of it; he lay back in the stern, laughing to himself, his eyes fixed on the blue sky.

A sky such as London rarely knows: of exquisite purity; a limpid sapphire, streaked about the horizon with creamy cloudlets. All the smoke of the city was borne eastward; the zenith shone translucent as over woodland solitudes. The torrid beams of the past week were forgotten; a mild and soothing splendor summoned mortals to come forth into the ways of summer and be glad.

With the last impulse of the flowing tide they reached the broad water beyond Battersea Bridge, where Solomon

began to prepare himself for a delicious plunge. The boat could not be left to Billy alone; Pollock was content to wait until Burden had had the first swim. Quickly stripped, the big-limbed fellow stood where his boy had been sitting, and of a sudden leaped headlong. Billy yelled with delight at the great splash, and yelled again triumphantly when his father's head rose to the surface. Solomon was a fair swimmer, but did not pretend to great achievements; he struck out in the upward direction and swam for about a quarter of a mile, the boat keeping along with him; then he was glad to catch hold of the stern. Pollock began to fling off his clothes.

"My turn, old pal!" he shouted. "Tumble in, an' let's have a feel of the coolness."

Solomon got into the boat, and sat naked at one of the oars, Billy managing the other. Five minutes saw Jem back again; he had wallowed rather alarmingly, a result of the gallon or two of ale which freighted him. Then Burden took another plunge. When he had swum to a little distance, Pollock whispered to the boy:—

"Like to have a dip, Bill?"

"Shouldn't I just! But I can't swim."

"What's the odds? Go over the side, an' I'll 'old you by the 'ands. Orff with yer things sharp afore yer fawther sees what we're up to."

Billy needed no second invitation. In a minute he had his clothes off. Pollock seized him by both arms and let him down over the side of the boat. Solomon swam ahead, and, as the tide had ceased to drift the boat onwards, he was presently at some distance. With firm grip, Pollock bobbed the child up and down, the breadth of the tub allowing him to lean cautiously without risk.

Then the father turned to look, and saw what was going on. He gave a terrific shout.

"Damn your eyes, Jem! Pull him in, or I'll —"

"'Old yer jaw!" roared the other,

laughing. "He's all right. Let the kid enjoy hisself, — cawn't yer?"

Solomon struck out for the boat.

"He's a-comin'," said Pollock, all but helpless with half-drunken laughter.

"Pull me in!" said the child, fearful of his father's wrath. "Pull me up!"

And at the same moment he made an effort to jump upon the gunwale. But Jem Pollock also had bent forward, and the result of the two movements was that the man overbalanced himself. He fell plump into the water and sank, Billy with him. From Burden sounded a hoarse cry of agony. Already tired with swimming, the terrified man impeded himself instead of coming on more quickly; he splashed and struggled, and again his voice sounded in a wild shout for help.

There was a boat in sight, but far off. On the Battersea side a few people could be seen; but they did not yet become aware of what had happened. From the other bank no aid could be expected.

Pollock came to the surface and alone. He thought only of making for the boat, as the one way of saving Billy, for he had no skill in supporting another person whilst he himself swam. But the stress of the moment was too much for him; like Burden, he lost his head, and by clutching at the boat, pulled it over, so that it began to fill. A cry, a heartrending scream, from the helpless child, who had just risen, utterly distracted him; as the boat swamped, he clung madly to it; it cap-sized, and he hung by the keel.

Billy was being wafted down the river. Once or twice his little head appeared above the water, and his arms were flung up. The desperate father came onwards, but slowly; fear seemed to have unstrung his sinews, and he struggled like one who is himself in need of assistance. Once more his voice made itself heard; but Pollock, who was drifting with the boat, returned no answer. And from the drowning child there came no sound.

A steamer was just putting in at Battersea pier—too far off to be of use. But by this time some one on the bank of the old church had seen the boat bottom upwards. An alarm was given.

Too late, save for the rescue of Jem Pollock. Burden had passed the boat and was not far from the place where his child had gone down for the last time; with ordinary command of his strength and skill he might easily have picked up not far from the place whence he had started on his merry excursion.

And Billy—poor little chap—disappeared altogether. The seaward-rushing Thames bore him along in its muddy depths hiding him until the third day; then his body was seen and picked up not far from the place whence he had started on his merry excursion.

This disaster happened about four of the clock. Two hours later, Mrs. Burden, having done her day's work and received her pay, moved homeward.

Since noon she had been suffering greatly; whilst on her knees, scrubbing floors and staircases, she had several times felt herself in danger of fainting; the stooping posture intensified a pain from which she was seldom quite free; and the heat in this small-windowed warehouse, crowded among larger buildings in an alley off Fleet Street, was insufferably oppressive; once or twice she lay flat upon the boards, panting for breath. It was over now; she had earned the Sunday's dinner, and could return with the feeling of one who has done her duty.

On Monday she would go to Guy's Hospital, and get something for that pain. Six months had passed since her last visit to the doctor, whose warnings she had heeded but little. It won't do to think too much of one's ailments. But they must give her a good large bottle of medicine this time, and she would be careful to take it at the right hours.

She came out into St. Bride's churchyard, and was passing on towards Fleet Street, when again the anguishing spasm seized upon her. She turned

and looked at the seats under the wall of the church, where two or three people were resting in the shadowed quiet. It would be better to sit here for a moment. Her weak and weary limbs bore her with difficulty to the nearest bench, and she sank upon it with a sigh.

The pain lasted only a minute or two, and in the relief that followed she was glad to breathe the air of this little open space, where she could look up at the blue sky and enjoy the sense of repose. The places of business round about were still and vacant, closed till Monday morning. Only a dull sound of traffic came from the great thoroughfare, near at hand as it was. And the wonderful sky made her think of little Billy, who was enjoying himself up the river. She had felt a slight uneasiness about him, now and then, for Jem Pollock was a reckless fellow at all times, and in weather like this he was sure to have been drinking freely; but Solomon would look after the boy.

They would get back about eight o'clock, most likely. Billy would be hungry; he must have a bit of something for supper—fried liver, or perhaps some stewed steak. It was time for her to be moving on.

She stood up; but the movement brought on another attack. Her body sank together; her head fell forwards.

Presently the man who was sitting on the next bench began to look at her; he smiled—another victim of the thirsty weather!

And half an hour passed before it was discovered that the woman sitting there in the shadow of St. Bride's Church was dead.

That night Jem Pollock went to the house in Southwark where Solomon Burden and his wife and his child had lived. He could hear nothing of Mrs. Burden. The key of the attic lay on the ledge above the door; no one had been, said the neighbors, since father and son went away together early that afternoon.

In the little home there was silence.

GEORGE GISSING.



From Temple Bar.  
COUNT TAAFFE.

DURING the last few weeks a strange spectacle has been witnessed in Austria: Conservatives and Liberals, Polish Feudalists and Czech Radicals, have been fighting side by side against a common enemy; and that enemy, the prime minister of their country. The Conservatives denounce him as a demagogue; the Liberals, as an anarchist; the Poles, as an outrager of national feeling; and the Czechs, as a tyrant. Yet, oddly enough, if a *plébiscite* were taken to-morrow, no one doubts but that he would come out at the head of the poll as the most popular man in the empire. The great mass of the population refuse to believe that a minister is necessarily a tyrant because he puts down sedition with a strong hand; or that he must be a traitor because he wishes to give the poor, as well as the rich, a voice in the management of the affairs of the empire.

During the fourteen years he has held office, Count Taaffe has always been in a somewhat anomalous position. He is in politics a moderate Liberal, yet he has been hailed as chief by the Ultramontanes, high Tories, and fierce Radicals. He is devoted to progress, yet he has sanctioned the most reactionary of measures; in keen sympathy with the poor, he has passed laws intensifying the sting of poverty; a thoroughgoing educationalist—apparently at least—he has helped the priests to capture the schools. Whilst leading one party, he has constantly proclaimed his preference for the principles of the other; and when his own adherents have met with a defeat, he has carried on the government by the votes of their rivals. Amidst all his tergiversations, however, he has never forfeited for one moment the confidence of his sovereign, or the enthusiastic support of the more patriotic of his countrymen. Evidently Austria has canons of its own by which to judge its statesmen.

Edward Taaffe was born at Prague, on the 24th of February, 1833. His father, Count Ludwig Taaffe, was of

Irish descent, and, as many of his race, gifted with more ancestors than guineas. In early days the Taaffes seem to have played an important part in Ireland; and they still count among their dignities an Irish peerage, given, perhaps, to induce them to live at peace with their neighbors. It was probably a desire to escape from the Saxon rule that made some members of the family leave Ireland, and seek a home in Austria, where amongst the Czechs they found themselves, as it were, amongst kinsfolk. As time passed some of them chose German wives; and thus to-day, the Celtic, Czech, and Teutonic elements are represented in the family in almost equal proportions.

Count Ludwig Taaffe was a man of mark in his day—a distinguished lawyer. For some years he presided over the Austrian High Court of Appeal, and at one time he held the office of minister of justice. He was a careful, though somewhat stern father, and he entertained a most profound contempt for the modern coddling system of education. He impressed on his sons, at a very early age, that they would have their own way to make in the world, and the sooner they set to work to do it the better. There was nothing to dismay Edward Taaffe, even then, in the prospect of being thrown on his own resources; with a splendid physique, a clear head, and a ceaseless flow of good spirits, he was singularly well able to hold his own amongst his fellows. It is interesting to note that, already in the schoolboy stage, a time when, as a rule, physical strength is the one argument, young Taaffe was a staunch supporter of the rights of minorities; it was on the gymnasium playground that he fought his first battles for the oppressed.

Both at the gymnasium, and later when studying at the university in Vienna, he was decidedly popular amongst his companions, in spite of a certain ruthlessness which he showed in running counter to their cherished prejudices and pet conventionalities. In those days he was a thoroughgoing democrat, and used to laugh unmerci-

fully at the aristocratic airs some of his fellow-students gave themselves. There was not a touch of the patrician in his own appearance or manner; for, as a young man he was singularly plain-looking, although his face had a certain rough, quaint charm of its own which came from the absolute truthfulness of its expression. He seems, whilst at college, to have impressed those with whom he was brought in contact chiefly by his sound common sense, and a certain abnormal power he possesses of working for any number of hours at a stretch.

When he was twenty-two he entered the government service, and after working for a few months in Vienna, was sent to Budapesth as one of the secretaries to the viceroy of Hungary. These secretaryships are always given in Austria to young men of good family, who, as a rule, rather pride themselves upon performing their duties in a perfunctory, dilettante fashion. When, therefore, Edward Taaffe set to work within a few hours of his arrival, and never rested until he had thoroughly mastered all the details of the business of his department, he was regarded by his colleagues as a dangerous innovator, one who was establishing an ill-omened precedent. His superiors, however, took a different view of the matter, although they too looked upon him as a natural phenomenon; for at Budapesth, as elsewhere, a young noble who can write a good business letter, balance accounts, and draw up an intelligible report, is a *rara avis*. He rose from office to office with almost unparalleled rapidity, for his chief, finding he could be relied upon, never missed an opportunity of promoting him. From Budapesth he went to Prague, where already in 1861 he held the responsible post of district director. He was then promoted to Salzburg, and from Salzburg to Linz.

So far in his career, although he had won golden opinions on all sides by his indefatigable industry and rare power of organization, in the eyes of the world he was merely an intelligent, painstaking official, the sort of man

who would always do good, useful work in the world, but who would never rise beyond a provincial governorship. Soon after his arrival at Linz, however, an event occurred which gave him an opportunity of showing himself in a new light. The emperor paid a visit to the town, and Edward Taaffe, with a number of other officials, was presented to him.

As boys, Franz Josef and the count had been warm friends and constant companions; and although it was now nearly twenty years since they had met, the emperor recognized him at once, and greeted him warmly. No man was ever more lonely, more isolated from his fellows, than the emperor of Austria in those days. Fate had dealt ruthlessly with him, both as a sovereign and as a man. On all sides he was surrounded by traitors and rebels; his friends even were half-hearted and despondent; whilst some at least of his ministers were ready to sell him to the highest bidder. The Hapsburg dynasty seemed doomed, and *suave qui peut*, even in the Hofburg, was the watchword. And his own nearest relatives, his wife amongst the rest, held themselves aloof the while; they could have nothing in common with a sovereign who had so far forgotten the traditions of his race as to grant to his subjects a constitution. Little wonder the emperor-king was glad to meet with one who reminded him of happier times. During the days that followed their first encounter, Franz Josef and Edward Taaffe passed hours together, each perhaps closely scanning the other to discover what changes time had wrought since last they had met. They are both keen judges of character, and before they parted, the emperor had won for himself the boundless devotion of the count, whilst the count had secured the perfect trust and confidence of his sovereign; and from that day they have been friends in the widest meaning of the word.

The first mark of imperial favor Count Taaffe received was his appointment to the governorship of Salzburg, an office which he soon exchanged for

the vicereignty of upper Austria. But the emperor had formed much too high an opinion of his ability to leave him in the provinces. In the spring of 1867 he summoned him to Vienna, made him a Geheimer Rath; and on the fall of the Belcredi ministry, insisted upon his entering the new Cabinet. Franz Josef cares not one iota for constitutional precedents when the welfare of his people is at stake; he had found a man after his own heart at length, one with the brains and the will to serve him wisely and well; and he had resolved to give him a free hand.

On March 7th, 1867, Count Taaffe became, under Count Beust's leadership, minister of the interior, with charge, for the time being, of the portfolios of education and public worship—the first time in constitutional days that an untried man of thirty-four ever entered a ministry as the chief of three departments. Most people would either have sunk beneath the weight of the responsibility of a threefold office, or have lost their heads in excitement at such a sudden elevation. Count Taaffe's exceptional strength of character and sturdy good sense, however, stood him in good stead. Within twenty-four hours of his appointment he was discharging the duties of his position as calmly and quietly as if he had been a minister all his days. The permanent officials of his department watched him with amazement; he seemed to divine by instinct exactly what was to be done.

The Beust ministry only lasted nine months, and then Prince Karl Auersperg undertook to form a Cabinet, with Count Taaffe as vice president, and minister of public safety and national defence. By this time the count had made his mark in Vienna, in spite of the sneers of the courtiers, who scoffed at his ill-made clothes, and marvelled that a man of his rank could eat and drink in third-rate restaurants, surrounded by clerks and tradesmen. The emperor's warm support had no doubt cleared away many difficulties from his path; but that would have been of little avail, if it had not been for his

own strength of will and statesmanlike qualities. The rapidity with which he caused his influence to be felt is the more remarkable from the fact that he is singularly lacking in the personal gifts by which most men win popularity; he is no orator, no genius. The Viennese, however, recognized his merit as a statesman from the first; and warmly supported the action of the emperor, when, after the defeat of Karl Auersperg, he commanded Taaffe to form a ministry.

At that time the Austrian Empire was thoroughly disorganized; and the Reichsrath was then, as now, split up into innumerable national groups and clubs, each one of which was at bitter enmity with the rest. The only political party of numerical importance was that of the German Liberals; and they, whilst themselves shirking the responsibility of governing, seemed resolved to prevent any one else governing in their stead. If it had not been for his devoted loyalty, Count Taaffe would certainly have refused the thankless office imposed upon him, for he knew well that any Cabinet it was in his power to form was foredoomed. Still, he held it was not for him to question the will of his sovereign; and September 26th, 1868, he became premier.

The *Bürgerministerium*, as Taaffe's Cabinet was scoffingly named, included in its ranks an unusual number of men of distinguished ability; unfortunately, however, it was a case of *quot homines tot sententiæ*, and from the first it needed all the premier's diplomacy to keep peace amongst his colleagues. Beset though he was by difficulties on every side, Count Taaffe strove manfully to establish a strong government; for, until this was done, there was no chance, as he knew, of the nation's recovering from the ruin into which two disastrous wars had plunged it. Every means that human ingenuity could suggest he tried, but he failed. It is but fair to add, however, that even those who hate him most, admit that no man with supporters such as his could have succeeded. The gods themselves struggle in vain against stupidity

and jealousy. On January 15th, 1870, he resigned office. Then Cabinet followed Cabinet with bewildering rapidity; Hasner, Potocki, Hohenwart, and Holzgethan, all tried vainly to secure in the Reichsrath a working majority; until at last even Taaffe lost hope, and convinced that for the time at least no work worth doing could be done in Vienna, he accepted the viceroyalty of Tyrol, February 7th, 1871.

This appointment was viewed with apprehension by his friends, and with unconcealed delight by his enemies; the former feared, the latter hoped, that the count's somewhat unconventional ways, his hatred of pomp and ceremony, would prove an insurmountable bar to his winning popularity amongst the Tyrolese. A nation which had idolized that most stately of grand seigneurs, the Archduke Karl Ludwig, would hardly welcome a democrat of the hail-fellow-well-met order, they thought. But those who argued thus little knew the man; the count is at once too kindly and too diplomatic not to humor the prejudices of his new subjects. He had married a wife, too, the Countess Irma Czaky, a beautiful and charming woman, who proved a valuable help to him at this time. For, whilst he was earning the gratitude of the people by redressing long-standing grievances, and granting much-needed reforms, his wife was winning the love of all around her by her gentle courtesy and kindly hospitality.

When the count arrived, Tyrol was in a most poverty-stricken state; the tax-gatherers were never off the doors of the poor, yet the treasury was always empty, for the incidence of taxation seemed to have been arranged with a view rather to oppressing the peasants than to raising money. The whole land was seething with discontent, and was ready to welcome any change, for no change could be for the worse. During the years the count ruled the province he devoted himself heart and soul to the task of lightening the burdens beneath which the peasants were groaning. He cut down the expenses of administration by dismissing useless

officials, and insisting upon the most rigid economy in every department. He went from town to town, village to village, questioning the natives themselves as to how and when taxes could be paid with the minimum of inconvenience. The people were keenly touched by his solicitude on their behalf, and immensely flattered by his appeals to them for help and counsel; and, before he left, he had the satisfaction of knowing that Tyrol was one of the best governed and most contented provinces in the empire. Even if the work he did there stood alone, it would stamp him as an administrator of the highest order.

The last two years he spent in Tyrol were probably the happiest he has ever known, for on all sides he could see signs of the success of the work he had undertaken, a work by which he had won the enthusiastic gratitude of the Tyrolese. Arduous, too, as his labors were, they still left him leisure to enjoy the society of his wife and children, to whom he is devoted; and to assemble around him, from time to time, his own particular friends. He is a man of wide culture, keenly interested in art, science, and literature; and distinguished strangers of all nations who chanced to visit Tyrol, always made his house their home. In 1878, however, this free, pleasant life came to an end, for Count Taaffe was summoned to Vienna, where the emperor stood sorely in need of his services.

The relations between the rival nationalities in the Eastern Empire had become from year to year more strained. Count Beust, by gratifying the aspirations of the Magyars, had set a premium on agitation; whilst the German Liberals, by their tyrannical policy, had convinced the non-German population of the hopelessness of obtaining any redress for their grievances by constitutional means alone. The Czech Secession had already lasted for sixteen years, and other divisions of the empire were only waiting for a pretext to withdraw their representatives from the Reichsrath. During the seven years Prince Auersperg had held power, Herr

Herbst, the leader of the German Liberals, had adopted an attitude which had gravely compromised his reputation as a patriot and a statesman, and which had excited the severe displeasure of the emperor, and the indignation of moderate men of all parties. Whilst professing to support the ministry, he had opposed indiscriminately every ministerial measure; and the speeches he had made in the House, when the ratification of the Berlin Treaty, and the law for fixing the cost of the army for seven years, were under discussion, had outraged, not only all parliamentary etiquette, but all sense of decency. Even after Austria had taken formal possession of Herzegovina and Bosnia, Herr Herbst continued to protest fiercely against the occupation; whilst, as for the military law, to the last he fought against it tooth and nail. If Herr Herbst's patriotism and loyalty had been above suspicion, his conduct might have met with more toleration; as it was, there was a general feeling in Austria that the time had come to put an end to the tyranny of a man who was ready to sacrifice his country for the gratification of his personal spite. But to depose a despot is as child's play by the side of deposing a parliamentary leader with a powerful party at his back. The emperor did not stand alone in his belief that, if the work were to be done, only Count Taaffe could do it. When, therefore, on the 12th August, 1879, the Stremayr ministry was defeated, he at once called upon him to form a Cabinet.

The news of Count Taaffe's appointment was received with scornful laughter by the German Liberals, and bets were freely offered that the new ministry would not last a month. Exulting in the knowledge that they were the only solid party in the Reichsrath, they ridiculed the idea of the government being carried on without their help. The new premier, fully alive to the precariousness of his position, strove to conciliate them by giving portfolios to Herr Korb and Herr Kremer, both members of the German Liberal party. He did more: again and again he ap-

pealed personally to Herr Herbst and his followers to join with him in putting an end to the strife of parties, and giving to Austria the internal peace she so sorely needed. As he said, "*Dieses Ministerium ist kein Partei-Ministerium, es kann und darf kein solches sein.*"<sup>1</sup> The reply he received was a declaration of war to the death.

Well warned, however, is half armed; once convinced that nothing was to be hoped for from the German Liberals, Count Taaffe looked elsewhere for allies. When the Reichsrath met, a strange sight was seen: Dr. Rieger, accompanied by every member of the Czech party, entered the House, the first time for seventeen years, and took his place by the side of the premier. The first of the "Concessions" had been made, the *Ministerium der Versöhnung*<sup>2</sup> had begun to vindicate its rights to its title. Then concession followed concession with such rapidity that the prime minister's official residence was dubbed the "Concession Market" by the profane; the support of the Clericals and the Radicals, of the Conservative Germans and the Liberal Poles, of the aristocrat Hohenwart and the progressive Coronini, all had to be bought, bought too at a price. Some of the bargains he had to make must have gone sorely against the grain with the count, but there was no escape; he must come to terms lest the second state of the land should be worse than the first. At length, after weeks of terrible anxiety, during which he literally worked night and day, entreating, persuading, negotiating, he was in a position to bid defiance to his opponents, for he had at his command in the Reichsrath a large, if somewhat motley, majority. Then, when it was too late, the German Liberals saw the mistake they had made, and their rage and indignation knew no bounds. One might have thought, to hear them talk, that Count Taaffe, by securing for Austria a stable government, had been guilty of high treason to the emperor

<sup>1</sup> This Ministry is no Party-Ministry; it cannot, it dare not, be anything of the sort.

<sup>2</sup> The Ministry of Reconciliation.



and base treachery to themselves. No accusation was too vile, no epithet too offensive, for them to hurl at the man who was striving heart and soul to serve his country.

If Austria were to be saved, Count Taaffe was only just in time to save it, for when he accepted office, politically and financially, she was on the brink of ruin. Of all the diverse races that make up that most heterogeneous of empires, not one, with the single exception of the Magyar, was contented. The distress was general; agriculture was so weighed down by the burdens upon the soil that the land was going out of cultivation. The great factories were for the most part in the hands of foreigners; the small were being closed one after another, for their owners, hemmed in as they were by vexatious restrictions, were unable to compete with their more wealthy rivals. The sufferings of the poor were terrible; for work was scarce and wages were low, whilst all the necessities of life were heavily taxed. From year to year the country was becoming poorer and poorer, and thus the less able to bear the burden entailed by the immense armaments she is obliged by her position to maintain.

Count Taaffe was soon hard at work. If all the reforms he has planned had been carried out, already Austria would be an ideal State in many respects, its finances on a sound basis, poverty banished from the land, and its rival races, of every creed, living together in amity. But as he himself has said, "*Das ist ja eben das Eigenthümliche des Ideals dass man dasselbe nie erreicht.*"<sup>1</sup> He has done his best, but the sons of Zeruiah have been too hard for him. Again and again he has been obliged to relinquish his most carefully considered plans; again and again he has been forced to consent to measures repugnant to his feelings as a statesman. It is the fashion to point to the principles he has outraged; in theory no doubt he has outraged every principle he has ever professed; but then

<sup>1</sup> That is, indeed, the peculiarity of the ideal, that it is never reached.

he laughs at theories, and claims to be judged by his acts. Not the least of his merits as a strategist is the power he possesses of taking back with one hand what he gives with the other; and of casting a glamour, as it were, over the husks he throws away. Of this his action with regard to the educational question is a strong proof. By a law passed whilst the German Liberals were in power, the period during which children must attend school was fixed at eight years. When Taaffe took office, the Clericals and Feudalists, as the price of their support, insisted that this law should be annulled, and a sort of modified voluntary system introduced. The minister, after a long struggle, yielded to their demands, though most reluctantly. On the face of it, this concession was of the most objectionable kind, involving as it did the sacrifice of the future to the present, of the welfare of the young, to a mere question of political expediency. It must not be forgotten, however, that in country and mountainous districts the Educational Act never had been, and never could be, obeyed; all that Count Taaffe's bill did was to legalize the existing state of things. And whilst the reactionists were indulging in the wildest jubulations at what they viewed, not without some show of reason, as a signal triumph, the premier was quietly taking measures, as an administrator, to prevent the cause of education suffering from his action as a legislator. No sooner was the new law promulgated, than he sent to all directors of schools a circular insisting so strongly upon the necessity of insuring the regular attendance of children, that, in many districts, the new regulations have remained practically a dead letter. And so skilfully did he manage the whole affair, that the Clericals, with the exception, perhaps, of the Bishop of Linz, never suspected what he was doing. He was reproached at the time with being a renegade, a clerical reactionist; it must not be forgotten, however, that, by the course he adopted, he secured for the Educationalists better terms than the

stoutest democrat in his place could have won.

The give-and-take principle has proved less successful when applied to economic subjects. When, in 1879, Count Taaffe assumed the management of affairs, the Socialists were already a power in the land. Their leaders, Herr Maxen and Herr Meyer, both foreign refugees, had entered into a close alliance with Count Belcredi, Prince Alois Liechtenstein, and other members of the Feudal and Clerical parties, and were propagating the wildest schemes for the regeneration of the people. The premier, as a practical man, has little sympathy with Socialism; and, as a statesman, views with suspicion all allies of the Vatican party; still, the distress in the country was too real and general for him to venture to ignore any efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the poor. He appointed Count Falkenhayn, who holds pronounced Socialist views, minister of agriculture; and assured Count Belcredi of his readiness to support any well considered measures of social and economic reform. Belcredi and his friends at once began to formulate laws for the regulation of industries of every sort and kind. They were theorists, however, rather than legislators; the very vastness of their scheme rendered it impracticable. Before a tithe of the work they had undertaken was accomplished, a split in their own ranks reduced them to impotence. Meanwhile the difficulties of his position had driven Count Taaffe into courses which effectually alienated from him the sympathy, not only of the Socialists, but of all sound economists. The agricultural interests of the country had been for years in a state of the most deplorable depression; and, in an evil moment, the premier, yielding to the pressure of the great land-holders, placed a tax on imported corn. This tax is the more iniquitous, as almost the whole of the land being in the hands of the great nobles, it is the very poor upon whom it presses most heavily, the very rich alone who reap from it advantage. The passing of such a measure was a

terrible price to pay even for the support of the territorial party. Of all the concessions Count Taaffe has ever made, this is the most unjustifiable; the only excuse that can be offered for his having consented to it, is that he had no alternative; to refuse would have meant a ministerial crisis. He has certainly done his best, too, to atone for his crime, if crime it were. One useful measure after another was passed through the Reichsrath during his administration: poor laws, factory laws, laws for the protection of women and children, laws to bring home to employers their duties and responsibilities to the employed. Struggling industries have been fostered, and municipal authorities encouraged to undertake useful works, whilst stringent regulations against jobbery have been introduced. Nothing short of a miracle—and the age for miracles is past—could render Austria, army-bereft as she is, financially a prosperous country; still, all that human ingenuity could suggest, all that infinite patience could devise, was done during Count Taaffe's *régime* to adjust at least the terrible burden under which she struggles to the backs that are best able to bear it. The count, too, has done his utmost to give the working classes a voice in the management of the affairs of the empire. Already in 1881, he lowered the franchise so far as his supporters would allow him. And the measure by which he has provoked the storm now raging against him is a thoroughgoing electoral reform bill. If it pass—and pass it must sooner or later, in one form or another—every Austrian male subject will have a vote, providing he be twenty-four years of age and upwards, that he can read and write, and that he have fulfilled his military duties. Thus the electorate, which is now only some one million seven hundred thousand, would at one fell swoop be raised to between three and four millions.

Count Taaffe's policy with regard to the nationalities, though through no fault of his, has not proved an unequalled success. The dominant races,

both in Bohemia and Poland, use the power which he, in return for their support, has given them, to oppress most ruthlessly their weaker neighbors. The Czechs especially have shown themselves tyrannical and insatiable. They have scornfully rejected the emperor's compromise—an attempt to arrange a *modus vivendi* between themselves and the German Bohemians—and they are now openly waging war against Count Taaffe, in revenge for his refusal to consent to the coronation at Prague. This they do, although they are fully aware that a coronation would entail civil war in the land. When Dr. Gregor took Dr. Rieger's place, the ex-premier knew he must look for supporters elsewhere; no terms that he could offer would satisfy the young Czechs' cormorant leader.

Count Taaffe has fallen, or rather he has stepped aside for a time—only for a time, *nota bene*—that others may try their hand at solving some of the problems which have baffled him. During his fourteen years of premiership his opponents were unscrupulous and implacable, his supporters captious and vacillating; and he had to reckon with a Reichsrath which contains twelve distinct parties, each with interests, aspirations, and antipathies of its own. In such circumstances the wonder is, not that he should have done so little, but rather that he should have done anything at all. As the head of a progressive majority, he might have accomplished a noble work in the world; as the chief of a party such as his, his merit is that he has at least prevented evil being done. Probably no one regrets more than he does the straits which compelled him, again and again, to have recourse to somewhat unscrupulous tactics and questionable manoeuvres to keep together his heterogeneous troop of followers, and thus frustrate the schemes of those whom he regards as the enemies of the State. By nature he is a straightforward, plain-dealing man; and it was only hard necessity that drove him to govern by playing off party against party, nation against nation, and lavishing on each in turn

bribes, promises, and threats. In any other country in Europe a minister who played Count Taaffe's rôle would be a miscreant and a traitor; but in Austria it is otherwise; there opportunism is the one art of ruling; and the count gave a signal proof of his loyalty and patriotism when, putting aside all personal feelings, he set to work determinedly to serve his country, not as he would have liked to serve it, not as he believed he best could serve it, but in the only way it is willing to be served.

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#### MEMORIES OF THE MASTER OF BALLIOL.

It was a very remarkable gathering—that gathering of men in the Balliol Chapel—to mourn for the master who had been taken from their head. Walkers in various paths of life, thinkers of various ways of thought, had found their paths and ways all converge in sorrow for a common loss—not only to the college, but to their time and fatherland. The coffin lay upon its trestles shoulder high. Over it fell a purple pall, made white with floral tributes; but the greatest tribute there was the presence of such men of busy life and active mind, come to pay grateful homage to the memory of their spiritual father. For indeed he was their spiritual even as he was their intellectual father, he who for so many years of incessant labor and marvellous energy had taught them all how best to be about their Father's business.

A Scotch philosopher, an English lord, and a Japanese earl came by me and took their seats in silent sadness. The thought of the secret of Jowett's power to reach, through these his pupils, such divers worlds crossed one's mind, and as one noted that just opposite sat together the Dean of Westminster, the speaker of the House of Commons, and Professor Huxley, the wonder grew.

Then forth from the chapel we went, a great crowd. But where were the personal mourners? where the rela-

tives? Close behind the coffin came the faithful servants of the house, hardly able to restrain their grief; but brothers and sisters, nephews or nieces, there were none. Only, as we moved through the quiet quadrangle towards the St. Giles' entrance, a voice seemed to say, "I have no need of relations in the flesh, seeing I have such near ones in the spirit. Behold! all these that follow me are sons." It was indeed a striking instance of the strength of the spiritual tie that this man, who sixty years ago had taken Balliol College unto himself as bride, should now be borne along to burial by such a family of sons and daughters (for women were of the company) as followed the coffin through the broad St. Giles and the narrow-streeted suburb, to that unlovely and unlovable resting-place in Jericho.

"I owe everything to the college," Jowett used to say; and if one had been tempted to have replied, "The college owes everything to you," the master would certainly have said, "Not at all, not at all! You don't know what you are talking about." And, in a sense, it was true. For the little fair-haired lad, of cherub face, clad in tail-coat and short breeches tied at the knee with blue ribbon, who was the joke of his competitors for the Balliol scholarship long years ago, came nobody quite knew from whence, and seemed to have no relatives to return to. He might have been the son of a certain gentleman fond of flowers, of whom in 1810, at Cambridge, ran the quatrain:—

A little garden little Jowett made,  
And fenced it with a little palisade.  
If you would know the mind of little  
Jowett,  
This little garden does no little show it.

Or, again, he might be the son of a worthy printer in Bolt Court, London. Some averred that his parents were well-known linen-drappers, near St. Paul's school. All that was really known was that, from the day he won the scholarship, Balliol became to the boy's heart—home. He never

talked at all about his relations—indeed seemed a little huffed when asked after a certain cousin who was known as "Joe Jowett" in the Kettering neighborhood some thirty years ago, and answered sharply:—

"I don't know what is become of him. I never knew him."

To such an apparently friendless youth Balliol became father, mother, sister, and brother; and one could understand upon reflection what was meant when he said, "I owe everything to the college." For he had climbed from high to higher. Scholar, fellow, and tutor; all but master in 1854; master in 1870; unchanging in his love and devotion to the great trust imposed upon him; changeless almost in cherubic face; changeless in dress—tail-coated to the last—and so unchangeable in his affectionate regard for the wife he had espoused when he became a scholar, that the very last words that fell from his lips before he died were "My love to the college." What were the secrets of this life of influence? They were many. First and foremost, resistless and untiring energy. In the old tutorial days, before he became master, his doors were open to every undergraduate who cared to be helped. Many a don felt that the day's work ceased with the last lecture; most were confident that after Hall came Common-room, and after Common-room rest, perhaps sleep. But from eight o'clock till midnight a stream of young men might be seen passing up to Jowett's rooms, with essays, iambics, Greek verse or prose—all coming, by invitation, for advice and help, and taking away not only corrections in metre and style, but new thoughts about the worth of work done thoroughly, and the possibility of serving others than themselves by the work they took in hand. It was this resistless energy that made him, as an undergraduate, work thirteen hours a day, as he once told a Siamese prince in my hearing.

The said Siamese prince had, as the porter pompously expressed it, "Comed into Balliol by the master's front door,

sir," had entered for his "Smalls," had telegraphed, so it was popularly understood, to his father that he was in for this, his first examination, and had paid for a reply telegram, which, it is asserted, ran as follows: "It is well. Fourteen youths of the nobler sort have been sacrificed." But the propitiatory offering in Siam had failed to help in the battle of the schools. The prince had been plowed, and was sent for by the master.

"I am much ashamed of you," said Jowett, in his sternest and jerkiest manner; "you are very idle—very idle. You are no credit to your country, or to this college. How many hours a day do you work?"

To which the Siamese answered smilingly, "Aw, master, I do work very hard. Sometimes three hours."

To whom replied the master, "You ought to work at least eight hours. When I was your age I worked thirteen."

It is true that one was convulsed at the time by hearing the prince say, with a grin from ear to ear, but in all good faith, "Aw, but master, you have such a very big head!" but that "I used to work thirteen hours a day" sank deep into one's mind.

It was this same unquenchable energy that made Jowett (at least so it is reported), when he was beginning to be ill two years ago, on hearing from his medical attendant that he was very seriously sick and must keep absolutely quiet, after much question and answer about the symptoms, bow the doctor out of his bedroom, with "Thank you, thank you!"—then rise from his bed, dress, order a hansom, go up to London, transact some business he felt important, and return to his bed. It was the same spirit that, as late as three years ago, when I met him at a station, refused to allow me to carry his luggage for him to the conveyance, with a short "I can do it myself." It was this spirit that, when on the occasion of the laureate's funeral, a year ago, I proffered him an arm as we descended the long steps from the Chapter House to the cloisters, made him say, a little

sharply, "No, no; I don't want an arm. Just steady me—that's all."

Another secret of his influence with men was his transparent candor—candor too transparent to be rude. One remembers how, at the first breakfast with the master, we, who as trembling undergraduates had talked, or thought we had talked, of all things under heaven and on earth, and had been unable to extract any replies whatever, heard from the master's lips his opinion of our chatter—"Good-morning, gentlemen. I think you must cultivate conversational powers. Good-morning."

This candor was so natural to the man that at times he ran risks of being thought to be personal. Thus, for example, in one of his sermons in chapel we were electrified to hear him once say, "We see our old friends sitting in their study-chairs and getting narrower and narrower every day." Now, we saw one of those old friends actually sitting within a few feet of the preacher, and our ears tingled for the master; but it was quite evident that the preacher was in that condition of mind upon the matter that friends *qua* persons had ceased to exist for him, and the truth he wished to press home of the need of wide sympathy to the end of life had obliterated all thought or fear of the person of man.

From any one else it might have seemed a little rude to take a man out for a long walk, make no reply to a remark about the weather that had been at last made in sheer desperation, walk back a mile in silence, and turn round on the doorstep, shake hands, and say: "I don't think much of that last remark of yours—good-day;" but it came naturally from Jowett, and was said with such evident intent not to harm, but to help, that the man was not hurt by it at all.

By the way, what funny things those silent walks were! The master would, after a lap or two of silence, suddenly break to humming a tune, and after a turn or two of humming would relapse into silence. Sometimes he would astonish his companions by saying, "Shall



we run and get warm?" and away he would go till the younger would cry, "Hold; enough!"

It was this candor that made him say once to a talkative young fellow who had come up to compete for the Balliol scholarship, and who had come into breakfast with his competitor—a very shy boy—and had asked whether his rival was a clever boy, "Yes; he'll get the scholarship—not you."

It was this candor that came to the front at a dinner party of men (old Balliol scholars) who had passed out with honors from the college, and were serving their country in various public posts of importance. One of them said, "Master, we should be very sorry to have to go in for the Balliol scholarship now; we should none of us pass," and all expected to hear Jowett say, "Oh, nonsense! You are all better scholars now than then." But Jowett glanced round the table, and just said, "Yes, one of you would—Stanley, here."

It was this candor that enabled him, as it was currently reported, to say to the young man who had thrown up an important post in the Indian Civil Service and taken the twelve shillings a week pay of a captain in the Salvation Army, "I always thought you a foolish young man; but, on the whole, I have come to the conclusion that this is the wisest step you could have taken."

Once I feared his blunt outspokenness would have got him into serious trouble. A drunken flyman, one fine moonlight night, came to take us home after dinner from the house of a friend, and our host had gone to the door and expostulated with the incapable coachman. When we went out the driver had got down from the box, and appeared to wish to be squaring up to the master, with the words, "This gen'man says I'm drunk. What do you say?" I shall not soon forget the look of calm serenity, nor the absolute truthfulness and tone of unflinching assertion, with which Jowett—who might have been pardoned for a certain evasion under the circumstances—said to the flyman militant, "Yes, you are drunk—very drunk indeed."

Of course, at times this blunt outspokenness and absolute reality were felt to be galling. Men who were deservedly snubbed smarted under it. But then the master knew generally what was in man; he studied men's characters, observed men closely, and even on the torture-rack of his long silences he learned something of their inner lives. So that if his words were sharp, they were often salutary.

A Greek scholar, with a great reputation and a fairly good opinion of himself, came up from a Scotch university and showed up an incontestably good copy of Greek Iambics. Jowett looked them over, and to the young man expectant of great praise quietly said, with his quaint blink of the eye, "Do you think, Mr. So-and-So, you could do anything in the way of mathematics?"

On another occasion, at one of the test-by-silence breakfasts, a young man who did most of the chatter said to his neighbor, "I seem to be doing all the talking." Jowett overheard him, and answered, "Yes; very young men generally do that."

This reality of the master made him impatient of all sham or shoddy, and very much inclined to distrust all gush and all apparent unreality. It was a common story in old Balliol days that an undergraduate who had attended the master's lectures on "Natural Religion" thought it the right thing to pose as an unbeliever, and said, "The fact is, master, I cannot find evidence of a god anywhere."

"You must find one by midnight, or you will go down to-morrow," was the sharp answer that brought the young man to his senses, and discovered a divinity that shaped his ends where it was least expected, in the clear common sense that would stand no trifling or levity in serious things.

I remember his saying to a young man who had been talking rather gushingly of his love for the poets, "Do you ever write poetry, Mr. M—?" "Yes—well, I do something in that way," was the answer. "Never mind," said the master, "how much you write, as long as you burn it all." It

was good advice, and it was said with such a kindly smile that it was felt for good.

On another occasion an undergraduate gushed considerably about the glory of the bright spring day. "The shower of blossom, the song of birds, the music of bees — what a gift from Heaven it all is! It makes us all poets. Does it not make you feel poetical, master?" said the rash youth. "No," said Jowett testily, "I think not. Take some more tea."

Jowett's reality could not stand conceit a bit more than he could away with idleness. Instead of saying, as Harry Smith would say, "My dear sir, you are a very young man and belong to a very old college," Jowett would say straight out, "You are a very conceited young man; do not be so foolish."

Akin to this love of reality was a love of naturalness that at times almost appeared simplicity. The master's easy manner with women, and his pleasure in the company of children, was the result of this love of naturalness. The way in which he shared his confidence with the servants of his household, his close friendship with his secretary whom he had trained to the work, was part of his sincere delight in naturalness. On one occasion a friend of mine had forgotten the hour for reading essays to the master till it was too late for him to go home and change his boating-dress. He came up breathless from the boats in a Balliol blazer, knocked at the study door, and said, "I am very sorry, master, I clean forgot the time, and have run up straight from the boats to read my essay. I know I ought to have come in cap and gown, but I really have not had time to go to my lodgings."

To the astonishment of the brother essayists assembled, Jowett smiled, and said, "Come in, come in. I quite understand." It was the naturalness of the man in the blazer that had appealed to the master's heart.

There was also about the master an attractiveness to business men from the way in which he went to the point in

few words. As vice-chancellor men said his ability to transact business swiftly was astonishing.

Of course, it is true that sometimes in council or debate he was accused of being very deaf at judicious moments, and so not putting a motion which he knew would be the direct opposite of what he wished or felt was wise; but even then his wisdom, his determination not to be caught napping, called forth the admiration of his opponents. Undergraduates often experienced how wide-awake the apparently comatose master was, and this especially at essay-time. A friend of mine had forgotten till too late the weekly task, and accordingly had written six instead of twelve sheets of rubbish. Jowett appeared to be asleep, and the reader read very slowly and majestically, and ended the "linked sweetness long drawn out" with a grand rhetorical flourish, as much as to say, "You see what a hard-working young fellow I am, and how industriously I have performed the allotted task!" Jowett just said, "Read on, please," in his little chirping voice, and my friend was floored.

That piping chirrup of the master's was very catching. One at least of the undergraduates had by imitation become so unconsciously like of speech that we who were assembled in the master's study to hear the essays read, and wait our turn for execution, were horrified and convulsed to hear Jowett say at the end of the essay, "Very bald, very bald," in his quaint falsetto, and to hear in answer from the culprit in just the same falsetto with a crack in it, "Oh! do you think so?" We expected an explosion, but the master was always master of himself, and he simply stirred the fire, and said, "Next, please."

I suppose it was in his business capacity that his brevity of speech stood the master in best stead. Many instances occur of this commendable brevity.

There had been a luncheon party in college, and, after it, the young men who had well lunched thought it the

proper way of showing their appreciation of their host's kindness to bolt him into his room and pepper his windows with rolls. Jowett watched the proceeding from his oriel window, summoned the host, and said, "You should not have such friends. If bread-throwing were the rule, life in college would be intolerable. You are gated for a week."

On another occasion a grand complaint was made about the toughness of meat in Hall. "The meat, sir, is not fit for a gentleman to eat," said the leader of the malcontents. Jowett touched his bell, called his trusty servant. "Go to the kitchen; bring me a plate of meat from the same joint." We waited and wondered. Up came the plate, salt and bread and potatoes to boot. Down sat the master. He presently looked up at us, blinked eyes, and said, "It is quite good enough for me. Good-evening, gentlemen."

The leader of the band was in a difficulty; the syllogism was too apparent, and we beat a hasty retreat. It is fair to say that the Balliol cookery did improve afterwards. For Jowett was a man of strong common sense. He knew that if men were doing hard work with their brains they must rest, and they must eat. His advice to freshmen, "Get through smalls, cultivate conversational powers, entertain your friends," had some bearing upon the former need; and reforms in the Balliol kitchen which he wrought had bearing upon the latter.

Jowett never thought any details of college management beneath him. I used to think it almost a pathetic waste of his precious time that he should glance each Saturday through my "Battells" bill, and interview "the Dinner Committee" four times with every moon, but the master did not think so.

How carefully he looked after the bodily needs of his pupils many a man saved from a bad breakdown before the schools can testify, who had suddenly received a little note: "Dear So-and-so, you are looking tired and need a rest. Go down for the next three days

to my house at Malvern. Yours truly, B. Jowett."

Nor can one forget how this same kindly concern was shown to others than those of the college. When Mr. T. H. Green died, a scholarship was set on foot to enable boys who were at the national schools in Oxford to proceed to the high school. A little delicate lad gained such a scholarship. Jowett knew his mother's circumstances, and said quietly: "The boy must dine here every day he is at school. He cannot work his brains unless he be well fed." And all through that boy's school time the master took care that he should fare well. That lad is now a professor, an honor to the town that bred him and the college that fed him.

But Jowett's brevity of speech and despatch of business never shone more than on the great occasion of his dealing with the refractory washerwomen of Balliol. These worthy dames struck for higher wage in one department. Twelve collars for a shilling was, I believe, the statutory price. They came to interview the master.

"The washerwomen have come to see you," said the butler.

"Show the ladies up," said the master. They clumped into the room to find him fiddling with the poker at the ashes in the grate. He turned round. "Will you wash twelve collars for a shilling?" They began to expostulate. He touched the bell; in came the butler. "Show the ladies down."

Presently the butler appeared again: "They seem very sorry, sir — would like to see you again."

"Show them up." The washerwomen found the master intent, as before, on the fire-grate. "Will you wash twelve collars for a shilling?" piped his cheery little voice. A stalwart speaker began to make explanations. He touched the bell. "Show these ladies down," said he, and down they went. Again the butler expressed a hope that he would see them. "Certainly; show them up." They entered the room. "Will you wash twelve collars for a shilling?" "We will," they

cried. "Thank you — good-day, good-day," said the master; and, touching the bell, he said, "Knight, show these ladies down" — and the strike was over.

One of the secrets of Jowett's power with men was doubtless his sense of humor. He had a peculiar way of rubbing his hands together as if he enjoyed the joke, which added point to it. He would often tell stories against himself — not that he ever told how when a certain worthy fellow tutor, with somewhat of a lacustrine name, hoping to score off him, once said, "Do you know what they call you in college? They call you 'little Benjamin,'" he turned the tables by saying, "And do you know what they call you? They call you 'Puddle.'" It was probably an invention impromptu, but it was smart. Nor did he ever report the quaint love-passage in his life when the young *fiancée* who wished to show the master how much she valued his attention to her and her brother, whom she had been nursing in a serious illness at Balliol, and who, with her wedding-day in mind, had said girlishly and gushingly, "Dear master! I have but one more request to make. I know you won't refuse. Will you marry me?" For it was currently reported that on this occasion Jowett was taken off guard, in his delightful simplicity. The head of the college fidgeted — hesitated — blushed — poked the fire — rose — walked briskly up and down the room, and answered, "No, no. I don't think we should either of us be happy." It is, however, fair to add that another version of the story looks as if the master had entered thoroughly into the joke, and that he covered the maiden with confusion by saying, "I think your request is rather premature."

But Jowett delighted to recall the time when in consequence of Calverley being sent down for some prank certain windows in Hall were broken by resentful friends, and would tell how Dr. Jenkyns, whose attention was called to this serious breach of college windows and discipline, said, "I rayther think, Mr. Dean, that it was done by lightning."

It was not the only time that the then master of Balliol, Dr. Jenkyns, had a blind eye for a good purpose. For when, after some college wine, an excited undergraduate, clad in white surplice, had climbed into the chestnut-tree, and was making night hideous, the bursar had called the master's attention to it, Dr. Jenkyns, peering up into the branches, replied, "I rayther think I do see some kind of white bird, Mr. Bursar." Jowett always laughed as he told this. Another story he delighted to recount was that of the rich lady who, when asked to subscribe to the conversion of the Jews, answered, "No, not a penny; they are quite rich enough to convert themselves." Nor could he ever mention Tait's reply to those who condoled with him on the difficulty of an archiepiscopate — "Yes, yes; but it has large compensations, you know" — without a good chuckle.

Jowett's kindness to the Jews was remarkable. He did not proselytize; on the contrary, he encouraged them to see that the services of the synagogue should be organized and kept up in Oxford. One of the most touching notices in *memoriam* of the master came from the pen of a Balliol Jew. But to return to Jowett's humor.

This sense of humor, coupled with a swift insight into men's minds, was a great engine in his hands. It enabled him on many an occasion to turn the laugh against the laugher. There are those who remember how, at the end of a lecture, when he was being pestered by a youth's questions as to the difference between the conjunctive and subjunctive moods, he affected not to have heard the questioner, and said, "Will you be kind enough to repeat the question?" Then the unfortunately rash one repeated his foolish question, and Jowett, seeing that the whole class was getting fidgety and restive at being thus detained, said, "I don't quite understand." For the third time the youth, now abashed by his own stupidity, and conscious of the indignation of his companions, kept in durance, stammered out his question, and the lecturer just blinked eyes and

said, with the blandest smile, "I really don't know," and left it to the indignant class to settle the question with the questioner.

Jowett was a close observer of faces as index to the mind, and it was wonderful how accurate his diagnosis often was. I remember hearing how he once looked upon the photograph of a lady—famous since in the world of thought and philanthropy—whom he had no personal acquaintance with, and how he said, "That lady lives in a world of high moral excitement"—which was certainly and absolutely true.

But the power of the master of Balliol lay also in his ability to discriminate—to enter into the varied characters of the young men who passed under his ken. "If you want to be a successful teacher," he once said to the head master of a public school, "you must know the intellectual needs of every member of your class." This advice he acted on himself. With a surprising swiftness of insight, he got by very few occasions of personal meeting a pretty accurate idea of the mental and moral capacities of each member of the college. He got to know more: he learned the peculiar difficulties of the home life—the pecuniary and other troubles that hampered the progress of many in their start in life; and it is not too much to say that whenever and wherever there was a *bonâ fide* need for sympathy and succor the master was at the pupil's side, the master's voice in the pupil's ear, the master's purse in the pupil's hand. If it be true that the best things in a good man's life are the little unremembered acts of constant kindness, then the best of Jowett's life will never be recorded on earth, for his right hand would not let his left hand know what it did of charity and love.

And only those in far-off parts of the world can testify how that love followed them constantly, and seemed to care, with ceaseless and individual sympathy, for the quiet worker in the distant field. It is true the master always felt that nothing succeeded like success,

and would say pithily, "Never retreat, never explain, never apologize"—nay, would sometimes run risk of being looked upon as of the world worldly in his precepts to those who were just starting on their walk in life.

But all who knew the master well knew that he cared as little for success as a personal thing for his pupils as he had cared for it for himself. What he coveted for them was the vantage position from which they could help their time. He was sometimes accused of toadying to the grand and the great, because if a nobleman entered at Balliol the master kept his eye upon him. But nothing could have been more false to fact or untrue to the master's character. All he desired was to get on such intimate terms with the young scions of nobility as to influence their lives and mould their characters for good. He knew to what power they were born, and he was determined not to let the opportunity slip of getting them to look on life with his own larger views, and more unselfish eyes.

One of the attractive features of the master's character to the undergraduate mind was his sympathy with fields of thought and knowledge into which he had never penetrated; for the master was shockingly ignorant of some common things. He knew as little about the make of his body as of the building-up of a crystal. If he had been asked where his lungs were, or where his heart lay, he could not have told you. The whole range of physical and natural science was unexplored by him. But though he did not talk enthusiastically about the newer sciences, and made it possible for young wits to write:—

I am Professor Benjamin Jowett,  
All that can be known, I know it;  
I am the Master of this College,  
What I know not, is not knowledge.

It was a gross libel upon his large-hearted sympathy with men in other fields of labor; and the young chemist, or doctor, or mathematician, was as great an object of interest to him as even the young Greek philosopher. And Jowett was never ashamed to say "I don't know." Indeed, it was touch-



ing to see how he would encourage people to know what he did not. His saying "You must cultivate conversational powers," was perhaps caused by his own feeling of his want of such power; and only a few weeks before his death he patted a little girl upon the head, and said, with kindly smile, "You must learn all about the flowers and stars, and how to play whist" — three branches of knowledge in which he himself was a complete tyro.

Of Jowett as a preacher, one's memory of the appearance of the man as he went and came from the pulpit almost obliterates the memory of the matter of his discourse. A friend once described him on these occasions as looking like "an elderly cherub made ready for bed." The tone, too, of the word "charity" in his favorite prefatory collect always rings in one's ears. But though these sermons seldom betrayed feeling, they generally contained some pithy saying which stuck. In one of the last sermons preached in the Abbey of Westminster, for example, he said, "Better is the foolishness of the enthusiast than the wisdom of the pessimist;" and such sayings as "As you go forward in life never expect too much, never hope for too little," or such a message as he gave the Clifton boys in his sermon on manners, "There are only two rules for good manners. One is, Always think of others; the other is, Never think of yourself," remain as echoes that cannot die. At times, it is true, when in his sermon he touched on the character of a dead friend his voice trembled a little; but generally one felt the discourses were essays rather than exhortation. It has been said that he seldom seemed to set forth the sinfulness of sin; yet, on the other hand, one who was at Balliol forty years ago once told me that he had attended one of the short religious talks which Jowett used then to give on Sunday evenings to a certain number of seriously disposed undergraduates, and he came away with a conviction of the teacher's horror of sin which has remained with him ever since.

Of his deep personal piety none could doubt; of his fondness for certain Psalms and hymns those who were intimate with him can vouch. He did not care much for books of devotional exercise so common nowadays; but the fourteenth chapter of St. John will be found graven on his heart. A man's religious belief is tested by the presence of death. The master had always an abiding sense of the shortness and uncertainty of life; but, as he told his friend Rogers, he had set his house in order, made all his arrangements, and meant to die like a Christian gentleman. He was quite calm when the "mute, unquestionable figure" came up so close two years ago; indeed, when nearly in *extremis*, he astonished his nurse by the quiet way in which he said, "Nurse, you should never look sad in a sick man's presence." But he was glad to live. He had two years' more work he wished to do, and he was thankful for what he called a respite. Those two years, he often said, were very happy ones; for the master needed the affection of men, and those two years were a revelation to him of their affection and loving kindness towards him.

Besides, he got through the work he set his mind to do; and when at the last illness he finished the jotting down of his reminiscences of his dear friend Lord Tennyson, he could truly say, as he did say, "I can rest now" — and so entered into the rest that cannot be broken.

It was not only as master of the college but master of the college servants that he will be long remembered. Those who on the funeral day spoke with the college porter and the college scout, or talked with the faithful house-keeper and the servants at the master's lodge, know well how true and thoughtful a friend they felt they had lost; and can realize how fine an example of the Christian type of generous English gentleman went away from Oxford when the master of Balliol died. "My love to the college" were his last words.

